

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844

BY E. LITTELL

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1925

An Hour with Arnold Bennett

What Mr. Bennett thinks of his contemporaries —
and of himself

The Case of Sir Roger Casement

By LORD BIRKENHEAD
who as Attorney-General conducted the prosecution

The British Press

A fair appraisal

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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By M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

(Commenting on COOLIDGE)

I incline to think that he may turn out to be a Yankee Lincoln—a local lawyer large enough to handle things memorably.

(Commenting on HENRY CABOT LODGE)

I not only like him personally, to the point of affection, but I confidently believe him a man of simple and genuine public spirit. His experience is very great; he knows a good deal more than most men have forgotten; and he thinks not with a politician's adroitness but with our nearest approach to the foresight of a statesman.

(Commenting on PROHIBITION)

I am inclined to think intoxicants the social sedative which has kept Western society from exploding. They anaesthetize discontent. National Prohibition I rather expect to blow things up at any time.

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THE LIVING AGE

March 28, 1925

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CONTENTS

No. 4212

A Week of the World	675
<i>England Rejects the Protocol—International Claim-Jumping—India's Second Thoughts?—Mexico via India—Minor Notes</i>	
As I See the British Press	681
An American Journalist Residing in London Passes Expert Judgment upon British Newspapers	
Berlin's Teapot Dome	684
A Vienna Socialist Editor Analyzes the Temptations That Overcame the Errant Leaders of His Party in Germany	
The Case of Roger Casement	687
A Member of the British Cabinet Describes the Most Sensational Treason-Trial of the World War	
An Hour With Arnold Bennett	691
The Discoverer of the Five Towns Philosophizes on Himself, His Tastes, His Manuscripts, and his Contemporaries	
A Plea for Bushy Whiskers	696
A Laborist Scion of the Aristocracy Reverts to Class-Conservatism in a Plea for Men to be Men, and Women to be Women	
From the Sahara to the Sea. II	700
Vivid Pen-Pictures of the Psychology and Surroundings of the Black Man in His Native Jungle	
First Impressions in Germany	704
A Competent French Observer Describes the Bright Side of the Holiday Season in Berlin	
Clever Mr. Delavel	708
The Story of a Gentleman Who Contemplated Matrimony—from a Safe Distance	
Mexico, a City-Village	711
A Clever Latin-American Word-Picture of the Drowsy Metropolis at Night	
When the Prodigal Returns	712
Tribulations of an Uncle from the Orient	
A Memory	714
A Poem	
Life, Letters, and the Arts	715
<i>The Frenzies of the Deputies—The Menace of Our Yankee Movies—Sun Baths for Monkeys—Correcting Kipling—Accurate Folklore—The Collector Who Would Not Be Discouraged—Ringing up the Amazon—A Prank of Whistler's—A Royal Wedding That Won't Occur</i>	
Books Abroad	719
<i>The Tyranny of Time: Einstein or Bergson?—Forgotten Lyrics of the Eighteenth Century—The Noblest Frailty—The Politics of Oil—The Immortal Salient—The Fascisti Exposed—New Translations</i>	

THIS WEEK

WHAT 'A London American' has to say about the British press means more to readers of the *Living Age* than to any other group of people in the country. Because the author classifies all English papers either as breathless and bright or long-winded and dull, the *Spectator*, for which his article was written, stuck in a cautionary paragraph on its own hook.

* * *

Germany has just gone through a political scandal that makes our own Teapot Dome look like a demi-tasse. Not only have the Nationalists—who correspond to our own iniquitous Republicans—secretly paid over one hundred and fifty million gold dollars of public funds to the Ruhr magnates, but even a few Social Democrats—who correspond to our virtuous Progressives—have been getting juicy slices of the melon, too.

* * *

Frédéric Lefèvre is not the champion French interviewer for nothing. He got Arnold Bennett going for the better part of an hour, and has flashed on to us the high lights of his conversation with one of the few really great writers now alive.

* * *

After serving the British Empire in the tropics for twenty-one years and earning remarkable honors in that period, Sir Roger

Casement suddenly executed a complete about-face and for the first eighteen months of the war worked his head off for the Germans. He was finally hanged for treason in 1916, and the prosecuting attorney was Lord Birkenhead, who gives us his own version of one of the most astounding cases in the history of British law.

* * *

Filled with a healthy suspicion of the defeated Boche, Ludovic Naudeau recently made his first trip to Berlin since 1914. His attitude is that of the majority of Frenchmen—he looks forward to plenty of trouble, but admits that first-hand experience has modified some of his ideas and strengthened others. Still, he is by no means confident that the last war was really the last.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby's 'Plea for Bushy Whiskers' propounds a theory that finds confirmation in many of our larger universities. Even in England it is being observed that the modern man is becoming more effeminate every day and the modern woman more masculine. The author is far too much of a gentleman and much too wise a man to give advice to the girls, but he does suggest that the boys start sprouting whiskers and try to convince the Older Generation that there are still a few men left in the world.

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 324—MARCH 28, 1925—NO. 4212



A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ENGLAND REJECTS THE PROTOCOL

It was apparent for some time before the actual announcement was made that Great Britain would reject the Geneva Protocol. Indeed, she could hardly have taken different action in view of the attitude of the Dominions. Nor was it likely, in the nature of things, that a Conservative Cabinet would follow so venturesome a pathfinder in the unexplored regions of internationalism as Ramsay MacDonald. The rejection means a defeat for France, and a setback for Premier Herriot's administration. Indeed, the French Government's swing toward Poincarist policies was probably caused by a premonition of what was about to happen. It is significant that not only the Conservative but also the Liberal press showed growing coolness toward the Protocol, while the decision was still incubating. The *Westminster Gazette* condemned it on the ground that it 'stereotyped the status quo to a dangerous degree.' Critics of the Versailles Treaty could not, in the opinion of this journal, endorse the Protocol, desirable as it might be in the

abstract as an agency for preserving peace, because it would be no stronger than the Treaty itself. 'It would prove but illusory security. There are certain territorial injustices in Europe which no one in his senses can imagine people of this country endorsing to the extent of going to war.' Mr. Garvin in the *Observer* condemned the instrument as an 'astonishing scheme which has staggered faith in Geneva,' and dismissed it with the following scathing judgment:—

Grandiose, logical, and futile, the thing is like a plan of the Abbé Sieyès for the government of the world. 'Arbitration, Disarmament, and Security' become blessed words and sounding incantations with no more relevance to fact than had *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité* in the French Revolution. Every principle declared in theory is perverted to the opposite in practice. The document is stamped all over by the military and Continental mentality of Paris and Prague. It ignores the conditions of the English-speaking world, and bears no trace of the English-speaking mind.

On the other hand, not only the Labor Party, but many Britishers of standing outside its ranks, continue

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loyal to the Protocol. Philip Baker, Professor of International Relations in the University of London, presented plausible legal arguments in the *Westminster Gazette* to show that in respect to control of immigration, for example, the Dominions would be better off under that agreement than they are at present. 'The Protocol immensely strengthens the positions of Governments, like those of the Dominions, who attach supreme importance to their absolute and exclusive rights' — that is, to control immigration. This would be because, under the Protocol, the question of jurisdiction over this important subject would be referred ultimately to the Permanent Court of International Justice, while under the Covenant as it stands it would be referred to the League Council. A divided verdict in the Council would give Japan the right to go to war to enforce her point of view. The Permanent Court of International Justice would be certain to recognize as applying in this instance existing rules of international law which guarantee to every Government 'an absolute and exclusive right to control immigration' into its territories.

Moreover, the Protocol has friends in the Dominions, even in Australia, which is particularly sensitive on the question of immigration. Several church conferences, including the Church Union Conference of the Australian Universities, have endorsed it. The latter has resolved, in agreement with Professor Baker's opinion, that 'existing safeguards to the White-Australia policy are probably increased under the Protocol, or at least put on a surer footing.' In this connection the general resolution of the Congress on the White-Australia policy itself is illuminating:—

The maintenance of the integrity of the White-Australia policy does not necessarily

involve the entire exclusion from permanent settlement in Australia of nationals [for example, Asiatics] who have acquired Western culture and economic standards. The Conference urges that, in the cause of world peace, the Immigration Restriction Act should be less rigidly administered, so as to admit such cultured nationals, with the safeguards offered by a real education-test and a quota system such as is already in operation with regard to Southern Europeans.

But it was not the immigration issue that defeated the Protocol. It was defeated chiefly by the reluctance of the British Empire to make itself a policeman to enforce an organization of Europe that it does not approve.

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INTERNATIONAL CLAIM-JUMPING

THE quest for raw materials, so typical of the modern industrial age and so threatening to international harmony, tempts men to find an economic motive for almost every happening in the field of foreign politics. As soon as the Kurds revolted in the district under Turkish rule bordering upon the Mosul area, which is even now in dispute between Angora and London, a suspicion was whispered in the European press, and shouted to the world in the press of Turkey, that the uprising had been instigated by British petroleum interests. Since a world consortium of petroleum kings is now reported to have pooled this field, these charges would probably be diverted against international capital in general.

The London *Morning Post* fell into a temper a few weeks ago because the Standard Oil Company proposed to purchase large quantities of oil from the Soviet Government. The contract, which was signed early in March, was denounced by the *Post* as tending to strengthen the Moscow régime. Yet there are cynics who point out that the Shell Oil Company, which is of course

a British concern, bought 200,000 tons of petroleum from Russia two years ago, when the Bolshevik authorities were in worse repute, if possible, than at present, without the slightest protest from the British press. Furthermore, Lord Inverforth, as representative of the British-Mexican Company, has just bought another 120,000 tons of fuel oil from the Bolsheviks.

Several German papers representing large industrial interests have had correspondents in the Caucasus, who appear to have given special attention to American competition in that region. Germany complains because Americans are securing rich manganese concessions in Georgia from the Soviet Government, at the expense of long-established German enterprises. In 1923 the United States took thirty-four per cent of the manganese ore mined in that region, Great Britain twenty-three per cent, and Germany less than twenty-two per cent, although the Germans formerly were the principal purchasers in this market.

The British Trade-Union Delegation, which has just come back from Russia, has taken pains to point out that Georgia and the other 'Republics' in the Caspian-Black Sea area are far more prosperous and contented than they are described to be in newspapers controlled by interests having 'a capitalist axe to grind' in that part of the world. This inspires the following comment in the Labor *Daily Herald*: —

Three financial groups — one British, one American, one German — have been competing against each other for the right to invest money in the manganese mines of this ruined country.

The American group — headed by Mr. Harriman — is probably going to succeed. And these are the terms he is offering the Soviet Government.

He will invest immediately 4,000,000 dollars in new railways and new plant.

He will guarantee a minimum yearly output of 800,000 tons.

He will pay the Soviet Government a minimum annual royalty of 3,200,000 dollars — 1,000,000 dollars to be paid in advance on the signature of the contract.

The Tsar's Government, by the way, got royalties of only some 300,000 dollars a year.

That shows what Mr. Harriman and his experts, after three years' careful study, really believe about the economic condition of Georgia and the stability and integrity of the Soviet Government. And the Germans are furious to have lost the opportunity of investing such sums in the country.

Simultaneously, however, the Soviet Government, in order to extricate itself from its obligations to the Sinclair Oil Company, to which it had sold a concession for exploiting oil fields in Sakhalin before its recent treaty with Japan was concluded, is suing that company in the Moscow courts for alleged 'breach of contract.' This breach consists in the Sinclair Company's failure to bring about the recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States — a mere bagatelle for a great corporation that is supposed to have the Navy Department, and presumably the State Department, at Washington in its pocket. In this connection, Piatakov, President of the Soviet Concessions Bureau, publishes an official statement in both *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, the two Bolshevik organs in Moscow, accusing the Sinclair Oil Company of

having proved by the beginning of 1924 that it was not in a position to fulfill the obligations which it had taken upon itself in the agreement concluded with the Soviet Government, and the latter has clearly realized that the Sinclair Company was powerless to fulfill certain other obligations, having evidently exaggerated its own influence and weight in the political world of the United States, and having failed to receive the support of the United States Government.

It is understood that the Soviet court, whose decision will probably be rendered before this reaches our readers, will annul the agreement and turn over the Sinclair concession to Japan. This, it is anticipated in Moscow, will make the great American nation feel real sorry because it did not recognize the Soviet Government sooner.

That recognition, however, is supposed to be already on its way. The Soviet press prints dispatches from the United States to the effect that Senator Borah will leave for Europe immediately after the post-inaugural session of the Senate to discuss this subject with Moscow's representatives. *Pravda* says: 'The recent conversion of Secretary Mellon to belief in recognition, the resignation of Secretary Hughes, and the Soviet-Japanese Treaty, have convinced President Coolidge that it is advisable to start parleys as soon as possible.' It adds that the President 'does not expect the immediate settlement of Russia's debts and the private claims of American citizens against her Government, and is ready to consider certain Soviet set-offs against these claims.' Mr. Coolidge is reported to have remarked to a prominent Senator: 'I am not alarmed over Bolshevik propaganda, but they must pay what they owe.' Common gossip has it that private conversations between influential Americans outside of official life and representatives of the Soviet Government have been under way for some time, in contemplation of an eventual resumption of normal relations between the two countries.

*

INDIA'S SECOND THOUGHTS?

THE most significant episode in Indian politics since the surrender of Gandhi to his activist opponents in the Independence Party is the steady trend toward constructive policies. In two

cases this trend has manifested itself in a surprising degree of coöperation — albeit perhaps accidental and transitory — with the British Government. Last month the Independent Nationalists in the Bengal Legislative Council broke away from Mr. Das and the Swarajist programme and joined with the Moderates in a resolution recommending the Governor to appoint ministers, thus reversing the vote of last year. This is interpreted in the British press as a victory for the Montagu Plan. Mr. Das was absent at the moment, but it would be hard to explain the action of the Council otherwise than as at least a short step toward Constitutionalism. Almost simultaneously the Swarajists in the Delhi Assembly united with the Government in defeating a bill to set up a Supreme Court of India. This was not exactly a case of joining forces, because the motives of the two groups voting against the bill were different, but it suggests that Indian politicians will not invariably defeat what they believe to be an intrinsically desirable measure merely because it has the endorsement of the British Government. The Swarajists preferred to have the Privy Council, which they say has often redressed injustice in India, pass upon important judicial issues to entrusting them to the decision of an Indian Supreme Court, which might not be equally impartial and would certainly be more expensive.

In this connection we should remember that Mr. Gandhi himself has not championed an absolute severance of India's ties with the Empire. In his Presidential address to the Indian National Congress last Christmas he said the British connection should be retained, but on 'perfectly honorable and equal' terms. Influential economic groups among the natives are also asserting themselves — according to

British papers — in favor of retaining the imperial tie. A recent conference of the landowners of several provinces took up the question of organizing a Conservative Party to coöperate with other native groups in legitimate demands for political reforms, but in solid opposition to the Swarajist or Independence policy, which they believe tends toward disorder and terrorism. To be sure, this move seems to be inspired primarily by fear lest tenants and rural laborers grow unruly under the encouragement of Swarajist agitation; but it none the less records the appearance of a new factor in India's complex problems.

Another phase of the differences of opinion that are coming more prominently to light in India than hitherto is revealed in the discussion of the Opium Conference at Geneva. Some of the more Conservative papers supporting the independence movement are inclined to defend the attitude of Great Britain at the Conference, but more radical or reformist organs, like Gandhi's *Young India*, are outraged at the decisions taken there. The latter journal says: —

Never perhaps before in recent times has the complete political subjection of India been so shamefully exposed before the civilized world as at Geneva. Mr. Campbell has been the one great stumbling-block in the way of the acceptance of the American proposals of restriction of opium-cultivation to the medical requirements of mankind. The All-India National Congress, the National Liberal Federation, the National Christian Council, the All-India Social Conference, have all passed resolutions accepting the American proposals. Mr. Campbell rejects them with scorn at Geneva itself. Sir Basil Blackett openly flouts them in the Assembly. The Government of India insists on its own policy being carried through. All this is done flagrantly, shamelessly, in the face of Indian public opinion — just as in the case of the certification of

the salt tax and the refusal to reduce the military budget. In Assam, the Legislative Council passes a resolution for restriction of opium, but the Government has put it on one side. Temperance-reformers were sent to prison by hundreds for attempting to carry out opium reforms. Yet the Government itself repeatedly declares that it and it alone represents the will of the people and that Mahatma Gandhi and Rabin-dranath Tagore and other social leaders and workers do not count.

*

MEXICO VIA INDIA

MADRAS is a roundabout relay-station for Mexico, but from *Navayuga*, an Indian Nationalist weekly published in that city, comes a spicy report of the proceedings of the Pan-American Labor Congress in Mexico, which President Gompers attended just before his death. It suggests that the clashes of interest and opinion between ourselves and our nearest racial neighbors, which are modulated to the gracious tones of diplomatic conversation at Pan-American Congresses and similar gatherings, expressed themselves on that occasion in a blunter and rougher way. A delegate from Guatemala shouted: 'Words, words, nothing but words have I heard at this Congress!' This was to protest against the toning-down of resolutions calling for such strictly Labor reforms as the immediate withdrawal of American troops from Santo Domingo and the repeal of the Platt Amendment relating to Cuba. Santiago Iglesias, a delegate from Porto Rico, who is considered by no means a soft-spoken and mild-mannered diplomat by the Conservative citizens of that happy island, refused to translate some of the complaints of Latin-American delegates into English. Labor leaders from the United States, who will hardly be suspected of defending capitalist exploitation, are reported to have declared at the Congress that Santo Domingo, for

instance, was much better off than she had been.

Several Latin-American countries, like Chile, Peru, Brazil, and Argentina, sent no delegates. Their neglect to do so was interpreted as a protest against American imperialism, but less exalted considerations — for instance the question of expense — probably account in part for their action.

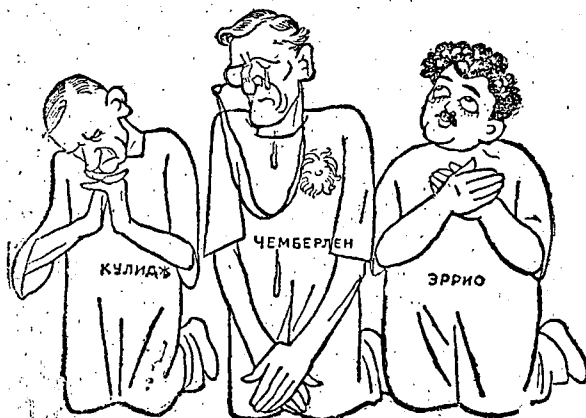
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MINOR NOTES

PARIS *L'Opinion* publishes, in its bright column of international political gossip, the report of a police-court case in Vienna, where a certain Leopold Hapsburg was sentenced to pay 100,000 crowns — a modest sum in the present depreciated currency — to the relatives of a man whom he had struck and killed with his motor-cycle. When the sentence was passed the reckless driver informed the court: 'I have no protest to make against the penalty. But I am only a modest bank-clerk and I ask the privilege of paying this sum in monthly installments. I am not in a position to raise it all at once. It would be impossible for me to do so to-day.' The bank-clerk was a former Archduke of Austria.

THE Soviet press is disturbed over several lynchings that have recently occurred in villages in different parts of Russia. In each instance the victim was an agent of the Moscow Government and the lynchers were peasants. *Pravda*, in discussing a particularly sensational case of this sort, says that it 'is not a mere accident but a typical phenomenon,' and ascribes the bitterness of the villagers against the Bolshevik representatives to the influence of the *kulaki*, or local capitalists. Discussing further incidents of this sort the same journal says in another issue: 'The murderers have escaped punishment, although everyone knows who they are; and they openly boast that they will repeat what they have done at the first occasion.'

ALL the world's alike, or soon to be. Young ladies of Japan have decided to bob their hair. According to the *Japan Times*, they have formed a society in Tokyo to which only women are admitted who have discarded the elaborate traditional hair-arrangements of Japan for the modern fashion, which is advocated as being more cleanly and much more comfortable.



Coolidge, Chamberlain, and Herriot, in chorus. 'Good Lord, from Zinoviev preserve us.' — *Pravda*, Moscow



Primo's Puppet — *Arbeiter Zeitung*, Vienna

AS I SEE THE BRITISH PRESS

BY A LONDON AMERICAN

From the *Spectator*, February 14
(LONDON MODERATE-CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

[THE editor of the *Spectator* introduces the author of this article to his readers as 'a London correspondent of a famous American newspaper,' and adds by way of caveat, 'His special verdicts must not always be held to be ours.']

LONDON newspapers, I find, are either intentionally long-winded and 'dull,' or intentionally breathless and bright. In both categories they are supreme. There are no better journals in the world of the long-winded and so-called dull type than the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times*. There are no better panting and dazzling ones than the *Evening Standard*, the *Daily Express*, and the *Star*. Why no newspaper has pre-empted the twilight zone between dullness and dazzle is a problem whose study would lead to valuable knowledge of the London newspaper public. This is elemental: the dull press is published for a small and select circulation, and the dazzle press for the masses. And this also is elemental: in whichever category a London newspaper falls, it has been meant to fall there. None of the London newspapers is dull because its editors have tried to make it otherwise and failed. None of the others is keyed up save by highly paid specialists in this artifice.

By nature I am among the small body of readers for whom the tedious and dull newspaper has been created. I believe the *Daily Telegraph*, in its way,

is the best newspaper in the world. I prefer the *New York Times* in some respects, for its news is even more complete, and the spirit in which it is told is often more detached. But the *New York Times* lacks the dignity and experience of the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Manchester Guardian*, if it can be considered a London newspaper, I should rank as the world's preëminent journal of opinion. But, strictly speaking, it is not a newspaper. Neither is the *Morning Post*, which I should place second to it in this field. The line in the case of either is not to be drawn dogmatically. But I search all the London newspapers daily for information, not opinion, and it is the *Daily Telegraph* which best repays my effort.

Toward the *Telegraph* I have grown to feel a deep and incoherent loyalty. It is a loyalty one might feel toward an aloof, ungainly, but marvelous woman. It may be nearly impossible to get the acquaintance started, or to discover the rare attributes concealed under her unbeautiful exterior, but once the technique of communion is mastered her virtues shine beyond all prizes. So it was with the *Telegraph*. I courted its unwieldy pages, blinded my eyes in learning what portions of its cruelly printed columns I could ignore, and at last became aware that it had a depth of merits that defied analysis. I can give only a partial explanation. I must have from a newspaper a well-rounded

account of all outstanding events at home, and a comprehensive appraisal of the doings in foreign countries. I ask a sound judgment of the present, a knowledge of the past, and an intelligent forecast of things to come. All these, I think, the *Telegraph* supplies me better than any other newspaper I know. Then I must have the feeling that the whole world is translated into my presence every day, and this feeling the *Telegraph* often arouses in me, though on this score I must find some fault. The *Telegraph* is prejudiced about Russia. And to cite a particular case, it did not report Gandhi's speech before the recent Indian Congress at any length, but fed me instead with a cablegram telling me in what respects its correspondent judged the speech to have been a failure. This is opinion-making, not news-bringing. It may have been good policy for the publisher, but, according to my conceits, it was defective journalism. I should have had the speech and been allowed to agree or disagree with the correspondent, as I preferred. The *Times* failed in exactly the same way, along with the entire London press, unless my reading was too hurried.

The Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Telegraph* is, I think, the best reporter in London, and, in his field, in the world. He is by no means the most winsome writer in journalism, but I untangle his sentences gladly, for experience has taught me to trust and value his news. He worked so well during the London Conference last summer as to become something like an international scandal, for he published exclusively, day after day, a paraphrase of the actual minutes of all the secret sessions of the Conference. He thus proved, single-handed, that secrecy was not essential to the smooth progress of diplomacy. In ordinary times his contributions are more illuminating to

me than those of all the other diplomatic correspondents combined. I imagine that many foreign diplomats in London generously use his visits to compile the regular budget of information they dispatch to their home Governments.

The *Times* is far less forbidding than the *Telegraph*, and has several strong writers, to confine myself merely to a comparison of newsmen. Its Washington correspondent is probably the ablest political foreign correspondent alive. But I find the *Times* bores me, and the *Telegraph* does n't, and I am unable to provide adequate reasons, even to myself. It may merely be that I contribute more to the *Telegraph* in the way of reading-effort; it may have something to do with the light face of the headlines in the *Times*; or it may be some other subtly inferior dramatic quality. Once I attain the *Telegraph's* information it excites and satisfies me more than the same information in the *Times*. A page in the *Times* somehow does not challenge my immediate curiosity.

The technique of the big-circulation newspapers is wholly different. No subtleties can puzzle the observer here. The aim is to simplify and brighten the news. The reader under no account is to be awed by the detail and complexities of life. And since he loses half the fun of a newspaper, he must have a substitute. This substitute is gossip, which gives him a familiarity with events without any of the labor of understanding them. By gossip I do not mean talebearing; I mean small talk. Retailing small talk has been developed to an art which is so superior to that practised in other lands that an Englishman might almost be proud of it. American newspapers try to be 'bright' and 'snappy' and to 'get down to the level of their public,' but they are as children in comparison with the London popular press.

To the *Evening Standard* should go any trophy that may be given for achievement along these lines. 'A Londoner,' whose diary is by far the most entertaining feature in the British press, is for me one of the great figures in journalism to-day. Someone once tried to tell me that 'A Londoner' was, in fact, a synthetic person, made up of bits of persons fortuitously united into a mythical entity — in other words, the diary was compiled by the staff and many outside friends. I resented the imputation as an outburst of ruthless iconoclasm. I know 'A Londoner,' how he looks, how he lives. He is about eighty-eight, but appears a ruddy, robust, distinguished sixty under his becoming snow-white hair. Six months of each year he devotes to travel, calling at all capitals and cities of the civilized world and visiting all their celebrated men. What is more, with miraculous discernment he seeks out all the young men who later on will become celebrated, and visits them, invariably at dramatic moments in their early careers. At least half of his arduous life must have been spent in this pursuit.

For the remainder of his time his genius leads him about in London. He is on the most intimate lunching-terms with all society, and with every member of the Government, or of any gov-

ernment that might ever conceivably come into office. He dines his way around all the fashionable restaurants, and is not too fatigued to dance often in places frequented by royalty and the aristocracy. He sees every notable play, and hears many more concerts than any average music-lover. He attends all public and private picture-exhibitions. He consorts with barristers and stockbrokers, actors, authors, statesmen, painters, musicians—in fine, with everyone who has had the fortune to break prominently into print or to play a part in modern life. With this acquaintanceship, combined with his fabulous zeal, he is able to function like no other hero in all truth and fiction. How he succeeds in visiting so many distant lands and yet in publishing his three columns every day in London is a problem I abandon to the relativitists. I merely note that he succeeds: He regales me with the very best of gossip, with gossip that is the cream of ubiquity and urbanity. Now and again, I admit, he becomes opinionated, and has prejudices that denote hardening of the arteries of his spirit. But I know he is old and must be very weary. And these recalcitrant views only go to make him what he is. After all, like so many less gifted journalists of his school, his life has been devoted to gossip, not wisdom.

BERLIN'S TEAPOT DOME

A SOCIALIST CONSCIENCE-SEARCHING

From *Arbeiter Zeitung*, February 8
(VIENNA CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST DAILY)

A DELUGE of filth bedraggles Germany. Scandal holds the centre of her stage. Not a day passes without its unsavory revelations. Every Party and every newspaper accuses its political opponents of base corruption. Leading men of the nation, present and former Cabinet-officers, have been detected making personal profits out of dirty deals. No Party has kept its hands completely clean. Social Democrats, Catholic Centrists, and Conservatives — men of every shade of political opinion — are compromised. In all countries war and inflation have inoculated the body politic with the poison of corruption, but no such repulsive display of dishonesty in high places has been flaunted in the eyes of the world — at least since the Panama scandal of 1888 — as that which has just come to light at Berlin.

Germany is now liquidating in a bottomless sea of scandal the demoralization of the inflation period. When the mark was plunging downward to a millionth part of its peace-time value; when the bank notes that a man put in his pocketbook in the morning had sunk to half their worth by three o'clock in the afternoon; when the only thing that seemed stable was a bill of exchange upon some happier foreign country, the coolest-headed men caught a craze for sudden wealth. Economic anarchy changed thousands of formerly noble men into ordinary rogues and swept away all normal re-

straints from temptation. Now the hidden festering filth of that period boils to the surface, to the shame of the German nation.

What was possible in the dark days of inflation is vividly illustrated by the story of the 600,000,000 gold marks — \$150,000,000 — which Stresemann's Cabinet donated to the great furnace and coal-mine owners of the Ruhr. Six hundred million gold marks! That is considerably more than the whole League of Nations loan in return for which Austria has sold herself in shackles to Geneva. And this gift of 600,000,000 gold marks was authorized at a secret session of the Cabinet, and the fact communicated to the Ruhr capitalists in a letter from Mr. Stresemann, without the Reichstag being consulted or even informed! Assuredly nothing of the sort ever happened before in a government boasting of parliamentary institutions. It was an action possible only for men whose inflation-mentality had utterly distorted all perspectives of value and destroyed all sane business standards.

Yet, even after allowing for these pathological conditions, no extenuating circumstance could lessen the shock that every socialist throughout the world felt when he learned that a man like Gustav Bauer, a veteran member of the General Executive of the German Trade-Unions and a former Chancellor of Germany, was implicated directly in

corrupt dealings with the head of a great capitalistic concern; that a Social Democrat holding one of the highest positions in his Party had misused his political influence to favor private capitalists at the cost of the State. Is it any excuse that so many Stresemanns and Clerical politicians were tarred by the same brush? Far from it. When bourgeois public men play the capitalist game, when bourgeois newspapers take money from capitalists, when bourgeois political parties yield to corruption, they are merely following accepted precedents. But Social Democrats, champions of the proletariat, mortal enemies of capitalism, have hitherto kept their fingers clean. No organization in our world-wide International was formerly more puritanically scrupulous in that respect than the Party that grew up under the impeccable August Bebel. How is it possible, then, for such a disgrace to have now befallen it?

In 1918 certain German Social Democrats who happened to be in Holland became acquainted with a Mr. Barmat, who was introduced and recommended to them by their Netherlands colleagues as a Party comrade. Barmat was already a wealthy man. It is rare for a wealthy man to be a Social Democrat, but it is not unprecedented. Now that Barmat is gravely suspected of having defrauded the Prussian State Bank, the German Nationalist press hastens to stigmatize as a scoundrel every man who had dealings with Barmat in 1919 or 1920. But our comrades, to whom Barmat was recommended by Dutch Social Democrats of unquestioned honesty, could not possibly have foreseen in 1919 and 1920 that he would commit a crime five years later. If some of them at that earlier period, when they supposed Barmat was an honest man and a member of their own Party, helped him get a passport visa

for Germany, or during our national distress accepted from him one of the food gifts of ten or twelve pounds of flour that friends were then sending to Germany, they can hardly be condemned for their action.

But later the situation was entirely different. Later it was clear that Barmat was conducting vast operations in Germany. Later he obviously tried to use his originally harmless, personal relations with the leaders of the Party to promote his private business. The capitalist who disguised himself as a Social Democrat in 1918 was by that time unmasked as a profiteer.

One man yielded to the temptation: Gustav Bauer. That single fact, sad as it is in itself, is not of unique political significance. An individual member of any great Party may go wrong. But how did it happen that the Party managers did not detect Bauer's backsliding earlier; that they did not see betimes the pernicious influence that Bauer was having; that they did not get rid of Bauer before the German Nationalists were able to make political capital out of his disgrace? There were plenty of unselfish, spotless men among the Social Democratic leaders. Why, then, did the Party not expel Bauer as soon as it discovered that he was involved in Barmat's deals, whatever the nature of these transactions? Here is where the real problem begins. This is the question that every honest Social Democrat must ask himself. It would be cowardice to blink it.

For several months the public has known that Heilmann, another prominent Social Democrat and member of the Reichstag, was a director in several of Barmat's enterprises. How does it happen that the Party did not at once give Heilmann the choice between surrendering his seat in the Reichstag or his chair at the directors' table? To be sure, a Social Democrat may be a mem-

ber of a board of directors, but only when he is delegated by a municipal body, a coöperative society, or a trade-union to hold that position as its representative. Let us add here that our Austrian Party further requires that a Social Democrat who serves as a member of a board of directors even under these conditions shall turn over his director's fees to the municipality, co-operative society, or trade-union for which he is a delegate.

But for a Social Democratic Member of the Reichstag to act in such a capacity as a private man would be regarded in Austria as utterly unethical, even though he might, as Heilmann did, refuse to accept fees for his services. Why? Because it is self-evident to us that a Social Democratic Member of Parliament must keep aloof from capitalist circles even in personal intercourse and private business; that consistency demands this of an opponent of the capitalist system who expects to enjoy the confidence of the laboring masses. There was a time when the German Social Democratic Party was also most scrupulous in this respect. But during the last few years the reins of discipline have been relaxed. This showed itself first in externals, such as joining bourgeois organizations, forming connections with the bourgeois press, entering bourgeois society. Thus the hard and fast line which the Party used to draw with puritanical strictness between itself and the capitalistic world tended to become obliterated. Some of our comrades began to think of it as out of date. Finally things reached a pass where it was possible for a man like Heilmann to become a corporation director. One step further, and a Social Democratic member of the Reichstag

advised the State Bank to extend credits to a certain capitalist friend. Little by little the morally weaker members, who are to be found in every large political party and who had been previously shielded from temptation by the barrier erected between socialists and capitalists, were exposed to seductive inducements that made them betray their faith.

What is the deeper reason for all this? It is not far to seek. For six years the German Social Democrats have been compelled to share the burdens of State with bourgeois politicians, in order to defend the Republic and to enforce indispensable foreign policies. Working thus in constant coalition with bourgeois Parties, they have been unable to keep up the old barriers between them. They have of necessity been more or less closely allied with bourgeois organizations, newspapers, and social circles. Thus party distinctions tended to fade out, and as fast as they did so our weaker brethren yielded to the new temptations that beset them. That explains the fall of Gustav Bauer.

But at length the sky has cleared. As soon as the Party convinced itself that Bauer was guilty, it forced him to resign all his offices, both in the Party organization and in the Government. The abscess has been lanced. The Coalition has ceased to exist. The German Nationalists, by making political capital from the scandal, render it even more impossible than ever for that coalition to be renewed. Social Democrats, liberated from their bourgeois shackles and again forming a true Opposition Party arrayed against all capitalism, will reërect the barriers that formerly separated them from the capitalist world.

THE CASE OF ROGER CASEMENT

BY LORD BIRKENHEAD

From the *London Magazine*, December
(POPULAR MONTHLY)

ON August 1, 1913, Sir Roger Casement, C.M.G., His Majesty's Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro, retired after twenty-one years' public service in Africa and South America. It is not often that a consul comes so prominently before the public, for on two occasions he had been engaged on prolonged and difficult investigations in unhealthy tropical districts on matters which had gravely troubled the public conscience, — the Congo and Putumayo rubber atrocities, — and his name had thereby become a household word.

After his treason there was manifested a disposition to minimize the importance and accuracy of his reports, but there is no reason to doubt the reality and value of his public work. He was, therefore, a man who had richly earned his honors and the right to retire.

I cannot say why he chose to quit his duties when he was just short of fifty, but, if one may conjecture, it was probably due to the fact that he had spent nearly all his official life in tropical regions and had been continuously engaged in unusually hard work, which would tax the strength of any normal individual working in a temperate climate.

After his retirement, he appears to have taken an interest in politics. He was of Irish birth and parentage, his father having been an officer in the Antrim Militia.

At first, if I remember rightly, he was engaged in an unsuccessful attempt to re-create the Liberal Party in Ulster, but by 1914 he is found to be actively employed in the organization of the Irish National Volunteers. In connection with that work he asserts that he visited the United States, and he may have been there when the war broke out. He drew his pension down to the end of September 1914, and, as he is not known to have had any considerable private means, it is a matter for conjecture how he managed to live.

It will be remembered that on the outbreak of the war there was a very serious crisis in Ireland, which was at once suspended by a kind of mutual truce. Casement was following a course of his own. From a public servant remote from domestic politics, he had been gradually becoming more extreme, and, by some process which it is impossible to trace, he had determined to throw in his lot with Germany.

There is nothing in his career to explain or justify this. He had recently retired, and there can have been no grudge or fancied slight which would have turned him against his duty to the King, at whose hands he had gratefully received the signal honors bestowed upon him, and he has left no statement which enables us even to guess.

At his trial he claimed that he was actuated by a burning and exclusive

desire to serve Ireland, but his interest in his native country was of recent origin, and others who had spent their lives in furthering Irish aspirations took a saner and more statesmanlike course. It may be that he allowed himself to be seduced by one of the German agents who swarmed in the States at the period.

However that may be, by December 1914 he was in Germany, moving about the country in a way which proved that he enjoyed the countenance and support of the German authorities.

The first manifestation of his enmity to this country was one of the meanest, and particularly so when it is remembered that he had been himself a public official. He was employed to seduce from their duty the Irish soldiers who had been taken prisoners by the Germans.

It will be remembered that in the earlier stages of the war many of our troops had been captured, and these were scattered through the prison camps in Germany. In December the Irish soldiers were collected together in a camp at Limburg, in the Ruhr area, and given better rations and lighter duties. At the same time, Casement was engaged in addressing them in speeches breathing hatred toward this country and trying to persuade them to join an Irish Brigade. He set up the contention that this brigade was only to be used in Ireland after the war, but it is doubtful whether he expected anyone to believe this. The German Government had never been conspicuous for altruism, and still less would it be expected that, in the course of a struggle which called for the utmost effort, they would allow time and money to be spent with the object of forming a volunteer force for use after the war, when, if they won, they could have a decisive voice

without needing the brigade, and, if they lost, could not influence the course of events. It is obvious that trouble in Ireland during the war was the only factor that would further Germany's aims, and the evidence was clear that the brigade was to be used at once—at least, as soon as the expected naval victory, which never came, enabled the Germans to get into effective touch with Ireland.

'Now is the time,' said Casement, in one of his speeches, 'for Irishmen to fight against England.'

To the honor of the Irish prisoners, Casement failed. Only some fifty men joined, and several of them, if not the majority, were actuated by the desire to escape from the monotony and hardships of prison life. The remainder, in spite of pressure brought to bear on them in every conceivable way, stood firm, and Casement was forced to come to the camp under the protection of German soldiers, so that he could escape the just resentment of the prisoners at his disgraceful and unmanly attempts to seduce them from their duty. His visits were frequent until February 1915, when it became more than certain that this treasonable intrigue was a hopeless failure.

What happened to the brigade it is impossible to tell, but one may be sure that the fifty lived to repent in bitterness the day when Casement led them astray.

Between February 1915 and April 1916 it is impossible to say what Casement was doing. He may have visited neutral countries near Germany, but whatever form his machinations took he was continually during this period in close communication with the enemy.

In 1916 Good Friday fell on April 21. On the night before Good Friday, persons in Tralee saw a light at sea,

and during the night a boat came to the shore containing three men. One was Casement, and another was Bailey, a member of the Irish Brigade who had joined with a view to getting back home if he could. When they landed, the boat was abandoned on the shore, and Bailey buried there some weapons, some maps of Ireland of foreign origin, and three coats, one of which contained Casement's diary.

The names of persons and places in this diary were fictitious. We know that Casement came on a German submarine from Wilhelmshaven. The entry of this voyage reads: 'Left Wicklow in Willie's yacht.' There appears to have been a mistake as to the rendezvous, for a motor-car had come to the coast a short distance away, but the driver had miscalculated his position and drove into the sea, whereby his passengers were drowned.

It was not long before the police were informed of the suspicious visitors, and, though they had gone inland and separated, both Casement and Bailey were arrested during Good Friday. On the way to the police barracks, Casement dropped a paper. It was seized, and on examination proved to be a code relating to warlike supplies, with a note that it was in force only for a short time. Clearly, therefore, Casement was on an expedition, which was to become immediately effective.

Nor was this all. On Good Friday, H.M.S. Bluebell sighted off southwest Ireland, not far from Tralee, a vessel disguised as a Norwegian tramp steamer, the Aud, on a voyage to Genoa. She was escorted to Queenstown, but just before reaching there she stopped and hoisted German colors. The crew, who proved to be all in the German Navy, took to their boats and surrendered, but before anything could be done an explosion was seen on the vessel, which sank at once.

It was proved that this ship belonged to the firm of Wilson's and had been taken by the Germans at the outbreak of war. A diver went down and had no difficulty in establishing that she was laden with rifles and ammunition, some of which he brought up. The coincidence is too remarkable to be accidental. Casement came by arrangement with the Germans, accompanied by a shipload of munitions of war. At Easter the Irish rebellion broke out in Dublin, and it is easy to picture what might have happened had Casement's scheme not gone awry.

He was brought to England for trial. There are many peculiarities about the law of treason, and one is that treason committed abroad is triable before the courts in England. Casement tried to make capital out of the fact that he was brought here for trial, but there was no other course open. Moreover, so far as one can tell, his usual abode was in England. The prosecution went through the usual stages. As Attorney-General, I was in charge of the case throughout. First he was brought up at Bow Street before Sir John Dickinson, and was committed for trial on May 17, 1916.

The trial was at Bar. In such a trial, three judges at least sit, and in this case Lord Reading, the Lord Chief Justice, was assisted by Avory and Horridge, Justices. The counsel associated with me were the Solicitor-General (now Viscount Cave), Mr. Bodkin (now Sir Archibald Bodkin, the Public Prosecutor), Mr. Travers Humphreys (now Senior Treasury Counsel at the Old Bailey), and Mr. (now Mr. Justice) Branson.

The prisoner was most ably defended by three junior members of the English Bar, Mr. Sullivan, who at that time was also one of the prominent leaders of the Irish Bar, holding the rank of Second Sergeant, and is now

also a K.C. in England, Mr. Artemus Jones (now also a K.C.), and Mr. Morgan, the Professor of Constitutional Law at University College, London. His solicitor, Mr. Gavan Duffy, shortly afterward went to Ireland and was one of the signatories to the Treaty. Mr. Doyle, of the American Bar, was also present, assisting the defense.

An untoward incident occurred very early in the case. A juror fell ill, and the case had to commence again with a new jury. I need not go into the details of the evidence. The witnesses were hardly challenged, except on the point whether the brigade was to be used during or not until after the war, but they remained unshaken.

The real interest to a lawyer was the point whether any offense had been committed. Mr. Sullivan took the point before the prisoner pleaded, but the court thought the best course was to hear the evidence first, because then the facts would be fully before the court. Consequently, when I closed the case for the prosecution, the legal argument began. It was necessarily long, technical, and intricate. It involved the true meaning of the Statute of Treason, passed in 1351, which was drawn up in Norman French. It necessitated a minute examination of a number of musty statutes, long since repealed, and many cases, both old and new, in which various persons, some of the greatest eminence and others of very humble rank, had become involved in accusations of treason. To understand the precedents, it was essential to grasp the details of antiquated procedure and to have a clear idea of the constitutional position of England in regard to Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, and the Colonies, at the various dates when the precedents came into being, and to examine and discuss the opinions of many

bygone judges and legal writers of the greatest eminence and reputation.

Casement was charged with that kind of treason which is described as 'adhering to the King's enemies.' Strange as it may seem, it was contended that this offense could be committed only by a person physically present in this country. If this were the true meaning of the words of the Statute, then Casement had committed no offense, for he had done nothing in the realm of England. The defense were up against the fact that not only was there an unbroken current of legal opinion, from the sixteenth century onward, dead in their teeth, but such decisions as there were, necessarily few because such offenders take care to remain out of reach, were also against them.

I had little difficulty in disposing of the legal objection. Casement made a statement, but did not go into the box to give evidence, and, after counsels' speeches and a judicial summing-up by Lord Reading in terms most scrupulously fair and impartial, the jury convicted and Casement was sentenced to death.

An appeal was at once lodged and heard, as criminal appeals always are, within a short period. Mr. Sullivan did his utmost to convince a strong court, presided over by Mr. Justice (now Lord) Darling, that the point he had taken was good law, but without success. His argument was, in the words of the judgment, 'exceedingly well considered, well delivered, and in every way worthy of the greatest traditions of the King's courts,' and the prisoner's counsel can justly claim that all that human skill and ability could do for him was done.

Then came an attempt to appeal to the House of Lords. This placed me in a singularly delicate position. By the Criminal Appeal Act, no such

appeal can be lodged without the consent of the Attorney-General. I had throughout argued that there was no substance in the point raised by the defense. I had to consider the position from a different point of view. It would have been easy to consent, but that would have been a negation of my duty. After the most careful and anxious reconsideration, I came to the decided opinion that I ought not to shrink from the responsibility of refusing the application, and accordingly no further appeal took place.

It was no part of my duty to consider whether the King should show any leniency to the prisoner. There can be no question that the decision not to interfere with the execution of the sentence was right. Casement, blinded by hatred of this country, as malignant in quality as it was sudden

in origin, had played a desperate hazard in our hour of need. He had lost, and his life was forfeit.

It was, however, still his destiny to raise doubts in legal circles. The act abolishing public executions did not apply to treason, and it was asserted that the execution must, therefore, be in public. It is doubtful in the extreme whether there ever was any rule that a death sentence must be carried out in public, but in any case an act of 1887 had authorized sheriffs to execute any death sentence in a prison within their jurisdiction. Casement was accordingly hanged in Pentonville Prison on August 3, 1916. The day after his execution it was announced that the King had, before then, deprived the traitor of the honors that he had earned and of which he had proved to be unworthy.

AN HOUR WITH ARNOLD BENNETT

BY FRÉDÉRIC LEFÈVRE

From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, February 14
(PARIS LITERARY WEEKLY)

[M. FRÉDÉRIC LEFÈVRE has, for the last two years, been publishing interviews with the leading figures of the Parisian literary world and later gathering them up in a series of books, all of which he entitles *Une heure avec* —. Having 'done' practically every figure of importance in Paris, he has now transferred his attention to London.]

ARNOLD BENNETT occupies what is probably, after Hardy's, — and Thomas Hardy is already regarded as an Eng-

lish classic, — the most eminent literary position in England. It is a position, however, about which there is a good deal of discussion. His fellow writers find fault with him for such productions as *The Art of Living Today: Arnold Bennett's Famous Pocket-Philosophy* — little books which have enjoyed very considerable success among the British and in which the famous novelist draws up a roughly outlined code of morals for the middle classes. It is a moral code without

Christianity — for, as Mr. Bennett himself tells us, he is not worth a penny as a Christian.

'There are two Bennetts,' said David Garnett, the author of *Lady into Fox*, the other day, 'and the moralizer does not interest us in the least!'

These manuals of respectable but childish civility can be compared with nothing that we know in France. The general tone is, if you like, near enough to a collection which was much in vogue some fifteen years ago — *Ce que tout jeune homme doit savoir*, and so on. The little books are marked by generous good sense, which constitutes their principal charm and attraction. One can read them without distaste, but quite clearly they are not enough to guarantee their author immortality.

Luckily for Bennett, and luckily for us too, the little lawyer's clerk of Hanley in Staffordshire has something more to offer for our admiration — books like *A Man from the North* and *Anna of the Five Towns*, and above all his great work, *The Old Wives' Tale*, which appeared in 1908, and which he took five years to write, choosing as his model de Maupassant's *Une Vie*. His other important works are: *Clayhanger* (1910), *Hilda Lessways* (1912), and *These Twain* (1916). Arnold Bennett has just published another novel which has been highly successful, called *Riceyman Steps*. I have before me as I write a critical work by L. G. Johnson, *Arnold Bennett of the Five Towns* — a highly comprehensive study of Bennett's own genius, in which the critic declares that Bennett simply chooses a definite sphere of concentration and, having done that, seems no longer to interest himself in anything save the comprehension of details. These details are thereafter marvelously grasped in all their simplicity, for Arnold Bennett has a special interest in getting at the facts without taking

sides. Nothing has any undue attraction for him, nor does he find anything repellent. His only attitude is the endeavor to see everything, and to see it with such objectivity that some people say he lacks emotion. Yet there is an uninterrupted current of life circulating among his characters, which animates and unifies them.

Bennett employs words in their simplest meaning, and he is, moreover, very sparing of his words. In Bennett's novels one is perpetually in the domain of concrete facts. This rationalist has the mysticism of the object. As Johnson writes in his critical work, Hardy has restrained himself to a single locality, and by doing that has given us the whole world in his novels. Bennett has likewise restricted himself to one locality, and has given us England. As a matter of fact, his novels represent provincial English life — the industrial life of Staffordshire, since there is not, to tell the truth, any real provincial peasant life anywhere in England.

Bennett never interprets. He simply gives the history of certain human beings. It is no use hunting in his novels for philosophical meanings, and it is no use lamenting this lack of philosophy and theology. Bennett has the one essential — the universal feeling. He knows intimately the life that is lived in the Five Towns, and in consequence the life in this little corner of England reflects the life of the universe. Bennett knows that life is a great marvel, provocative and mysterious. He treats it with dignity. He knows that when he concerns himself with the men and women of the Five Towns he is dealing with miraculous material. Bennett reaches fundamental truths by concrete examples, and the minuteness of his observation does not prevent him from attaining universality.

I went to see Arnold Bennett, sup-

ported by an unequaled password, which I gave with a casual air. The effect was immediate. His face lighted up.

'Ah, Valéry Larbaud! How I should like to see him here! What a delightful friend! What agreeable hours we have spent together. You know, I have just received a new book for him in that collection *La Phalange*, edited by Jean Royère, a work of criticism: *Ce vice impuni, la lecture*.

'You are a friend of Larbaud's? I'm glad to see you, but please do not put me to "the torture." Of course I know all about *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, and I know your book, *Une heure avec* —. I very much enjoy your ferocity as a torturer, but only when you are taking it out on my colleagues. And then, besides, did n't my good and great friend Swinnerton pay for the two of us in your article about him?

'I have nothing to say. I have no ideas. I am not an intellectual. I am a man who spends his life telling little stories. The American and English public is so good as to get some pleasure out of them. Eighteen years ago I began to write reports for the Staffordshire newspapers, and then I came to London and began as a clerk in a lawyer's office. That lasted six years. The law bored me, and at night in my room I used to write. When I was about twenty-six, I escaped via journalism and became editor-in-chief of a weekly magazine, feminine and fashionable, called *Woman*, where I remained until I was thirty-two. From then on I was a free-lance journalist, selling what I wrote almost everywhere.

'My first book, *A Man from the North*, was begun about mid-April 1895, and was finished toward May 15, 1896. Here is the manuscript now. But that is not my finest manuscript. Look at this one, of *The Old Wives' Tale*. It is "the first and last writing" — that is,

the first and last versions of the book. I do all my work in my head. I never begin to write until everything is ready and all is in order. Then I amuse myself with calligraphy. Look here! As you see, I have not blotted a line.'

'Your beautiful manuscripts make me think,' said I, 'of Valéry Larbaud and of his excellent translation of Samuel Butler which I like to see whenever I am in the Rue du Cardinal-Lemoine.'

'Yes,' said Bennett, 'beautiful handwriting is a pleasure to the eye, and that is a pleasure which makes work more agreeable. I write and publish three books a year. To keep up that pace necessitates a good deal of regularity. Every morning at seven o'clock I sit down to my working-table, and do not stop before noon. In the afternoon and in the evening I go out a good deal. I do not often go to the theatre, for I do not very much enjoy it. Just at present there are so few good plays!'

'Well, now — ' I began.

'Yes, I know,' said Bennett hastily, 'you confounded tempter! But I do not want to talk to you about contemporary English literature. It is too ticklish a subject. Enough English writers are burning me in effigy as it is. I do not want to give them a new reason to curse me. However, since I was not able to accompany you yesterday on your pilgrimage to Dorchester and to see the great old man of Max Gate, I wish to say that I regard him as the greatest living English writer and the greatest novelist of the world at present. I may repeat after Swinnerton that I am much surprised that *The Dynasts* should not yet have been translated into French. You may compare that work to the greatest books that all the ages have left us, and it will not suffer by the comparison. As early as 1908 our farsighted friend Valéry Larbaud

had published an important note on *The Dynasts*. You will find it in *Ce vice impuni, la lecture*. Of all his novels the one that I prefer is *The Woodlanders*. It is perfectly astonishing that Hardy has never received the Nobel Prize.

French literature has been the great passion of my life, and the chief influence of my literary youth. I can never say enough about what I owe to Stendhal. *La Chartreuse de Parme* was my bedside book for a long time, and in 1903 I had the luck to buy on the quays in Paris a first edition, in perfect condition, of *Le rouge et le noire*. The price was one franc. 'You shall see' it presently. I hardly ever go to Paris without wanting to see the quays of the Seine and the boxes of the old booksellers. Something unique in the world. You may complain, if you like, that no one ever digs up anything good there nowadays. I bet you I could still make some finds!

'Ah, what splendid years I had in Paris! Around 1903 there was a year when I used to see Marcel Schwob every day. He was my closest friend. What an amazing talker! I feel sure that he has left us at least one immortal work — *Le livre de Monelle*. That little volume anticipates and contains all the modern things. It was at this time, too, that I met a strange and delightful creature, Paul Léautaud, whose queer yet attractive novel, *Le petit ami*, an autobiographic study, would have delighted Stendhal. I have with me here Léautaud's *Anthologie des poètes*, and they write me from Paris lately that he is getting ready to give us the third volume. I am eager to read it.

'I have read Charles-Louis Philippe, of whose books I especially like *Bubu de Montparnasse* and *Croquignole*. Mirbeau I find too crude, Balzac is to my mind too sugary and too sentimental. I do not always understand Claudel, but there are magnificent passages in

him. For years I have been a fanatical devotee of Flaubert. I have been the same, and I still am, over that boy of genius, Arthur Rimbaud. Do you want me to mention pell-mell a few of the French books which I reread most gladly: *La Parisienne* of Henry Becque; *Dans les rues* of Rosny aîné; *Thaïs*, the best of Anatole France's books; *Le jardin de Bérénice*; a few novels by Bourget; the first works of Huysmans; the *Poèmes aristophanesques* of Tailhade; *L'Immoraliste* and *La porte étroite*. Yes, and I own the precious first edition with blue covers of *L'Immoraliste*, but I must admit that André Gide seems to me a born essayist, but not a novelist, and his master-work may well turn out to be his study of Dostoevskii, which is a really great book. Gide is, above all, an intelligence. One might, moreover, consider Gide's chapters on Dostoevskii his own confessions. Under that title they would constitute an admirable document.

'I should like to take advantage of your visit to send a fraternal greeting to some of the French writers whose books have been a blessing to me these last years. First of all, to one of the great novelists in contemporary France, Roger Martin du Gard. I read his *Jean Barois* with passionate interest, and I have read and reread the four volumes of Thibault that have appeared. What sureness, what mastery, what variety he shows! If he keeps up this pace to the end, his book will be an immortal work. And then it is a novel, a real novel. What a feeling for background and perspective.

'Among the younger men there is Henry de Montherlant, whose *Chant funèbre pour les morts de Verdun* I have just been reading. What true greatness, what genuine lyricism! And then there is Marcel Jouhandeau! His *Les Pin-cen-grain* has been a revelation to me, and in this book there is one story,

Clodomir l'assassin, which is not the work of a 'prentice hand.

'Naturally, I have not discussed de Maupassant with you. Everyone knows the grateful admiration that I feel for him. I have a feeling — I hope it is mistaken — that most writers in France to-day do not give him his true place; but that is of no importance. Let us lose no time on him. Maupassant is a man who can afford to wait. Be very sure that outside France, and especially in England, he is unanimously regarded as one of the most indisputable glories of your literature. I have not discussed Valéry Larbaud, either: In some eyes my friendship for him may make my opinion suspect, and yet after all what fine books we owe to him: *Fermina Marquez*, *Barnabooth*, and that exquisite story inspired by London life, *Beauté, mon beau souci*. I am always glad to read a new book by Edmond Jaloux, who has done so much to explain English literature to France; and, finally, I am sorry that I

have not said all I feel about Jacques de Lacretelle. His novel, *Silbermann*, is a strong and delicate work, and highly successful. He points out the way along which to-morrow the young novelists of Europe will strike out. Sobriety seems to me the quality which they esteem most highly. At this moment, I believe, Europe is in a period of transition from all points of view — certainly from the literary point of view. Everywhere I find a feeling for sobriety, for conciseness, for solidity of construction, which reveals the fundamental tendencies of æsthetic youth.

'Yes [this in answer to a question], Russian literature has had an enormous influence upon me — though of course it has come to me only through English translations. I have read the stories of Chekhov, Tolstoi, Dostoevskii — the last a giant, probably the greatest novelist that has ever appeared in the world. My favorite book is the *Brothers Karamazov*.'

CHAPTER I

IN THE SQUARE

Those two girls, ^I Constance and Sophie Baines, paid no heed to the manifold interest of their situation, of which indeed, they had never been conscious. They were, for example, established almost precisely on the fifty third parallel of latitude. A little way to the north of them, in the creases of a hill famous for its religious orgies, rose the river Trent, the calm and characteristic stream of middle England. Somewhat further northwards in the near neighbourhood of the highest.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF 'THE OLD WIVES' TALE'

A PLEA FOR BUSHY WHISKERS

BY ARTHUR PONSONBY

From the *Empire Review*, February
(LONDON PUBLIC-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

[THE author, though descended from the high nobility of Great Britain, a son of the late General the Right Honorable Sir Henry Ponsonby, and a former diplomat, is a member of the Labor Party, which he represents in Parliament. He is the author of several books of considerable note dealing with public and social questions.]

NOTHING is more pathetic than the confidence with which humanity believes it can master vast forces which are quite obviously beyond human regulation. We think we can control death by medicine and surgery. We are now persuaded we can control birth by propaganda and prescriptions. We pride ourselves on being masters of machinery, while the machines we construct are plunging and whirling us about like toys, entirely altering our lives and playing havoc with our nerves and minds.

But, apart from the great cosmic laws which, in fact, govern life and death, and on which our funny little devices have no effect whatever, there are more restricted fields where again we are confident that we control. Yet all the time we ignore the much larger factors which are operating beyond our reach. For instance, to take what may seem a small and trivial matter — are human beings controlling agents of fashion in costume?

As to women's fashions, I believe there is a sort of consultation committee

of Paris dressmakers who invent and design models. They are said to work partly on artistic but chiefly on commercial lines. As to men, I do not know whether there is a committee of London tailors. If there is, it must be a singularly indolent body, and the members must be entirely lacking in inventive power, judging by the results. But is fashion in costume indeed under the immediate control of any body of individuals? Is there not some over-mastering psychological factor which really directs and governs it? I believe that undoubtedly there is, and that in this connection that factor is primarily sex — sex attraction, plumage. Consequently sex waves, sex dislocations, the normal or abnormal relationships of the sexes, are subtly but faithfully reflected in women's fashions in each generation; and the committee of Paris dressmakers, if such a body exists, are not exercising an independent initiative but responding to exterior pressure. When virility is at its height, the female seeks defense in draperies. When virility is at a low ebb the female exposes herself to attract the reluctant male.

Let me give an illustration. In early nineteenth-century days I feel sure the bushy-whiskered majors were simply tremendous from the point of view of virility — so tremendous that mere stuff was not sufficient for female defense. The women had to have metal cages — the crinoline. If even an ankle were exposed they blushed crimson,

while George Osborne, pulling his luxuriant whiskers, exclaimed, 'Gad, what an ankle!' and was immediately in hot pursuit. All the frustrations of the wire entanglements and festoons only acted as an incentive. There were chaperons too, lock and key, every kind of vigilance, and vapors (purely a female device). These and other obstacles were put up as a protection against these terrific men, and, because frustration is the essence of sexual impulse, the men were only encouraged the more. Their hunting-instinct was developed. So, racially speaking, it worked well. The men were good fathers, and the women had large families and were admirable mothers.

But now what has happened? Cut and quality of material may vary from month to month. This is the only way the commercials can get home, owing to the extremely exiguous amount of material needed. Where yards were wanted inches will now suffice. The word 'petticoat' has become an archaeological term, just as the word 'modesty' has dropped out of use. A wisp of stuff — I won't venture on the name of it — and there you are! Paint does the rest. And the excited major gazing at the little slipper, hoping that the vast cage would lift to expose more, is now replaced by the young man of to-day absently staring at knees and thighs with complete indifference, if not boredom.

Not long ago I saw the last vestiges of the old order swallowed up by the new, not only metaphorically, but actually. It was at a country station in holiday time. Strolling on the platform waiting for the train were two old ladies straight out of the past. They were dressed in very full gowns of blue cotton speckled with white spots, and over their shoulders they wore black dolmans or capes, narrowing down over the front of their gowns in two black stoles. Their snow-white parted hair

was surmounted by small black close-fitting bonnets tied under the chin with a bow, and one of them had a veil which reached as far as the tip of her nose. They were self-possessed and cheerful, and their mouths were smiling over their toothless gums. In came the train laden with a holiday crowd consisting chiefly of girls. Out of the windows they leaned, flinging cigarette ends on to the platform, and yelling coarse jokes at one another. Their short hair, painted lips, powdered faces, and mocking expressions presented a vivid picture of modernity as they crowded round the carriage windows. Undismayed, into one of the compartments the old order cheerfully stepped, and were absorbed by the youth of to-day, not knocking at the door as in Ibsen's time, but howling at the window.

Weininger may have been a mad misogynist, but he was a very shrewd observer of human nature, and I think he was right when he said that sex was not just a matter of anatomy but was an element which, in its twofold nature, could exist in both man and woman. That is to say, a certain amount of the female element could be found in every man, and a certain amount of the male element in every woman. In some cases the balance might be wrongly adjusted, and consequently there were men who were only anatomically males, while all their instincts and impulses were female, and women who had all the instincts of the male although structurally they were female. Natural affinities between the two would occur by a complementary adjustment of the balance.

It would seem as if dislocation of these elements on a large scale had spread like a wave over the present generation. We may not be able to trace all the causes of it, but we can see enough to know that the war and

its attendant circumstances produced a shattering of standards, of values and of conventions, the full significance of which may still be difficult to determine. Moreover, in the course of a very short space of time women acquired not only political enfranchisement but a degree of social liberty and professional independence undreamed of by their mothers. The parents of to-day have also played their part. By enthroning their children and obeying all the maxims of the child-worship and child-coddling which were a form of reaction twenty years ago or more against the earlier child-neglect, they did not give them any good preparation for the discharge of the sudden responsibilities which were to fall to them.

When the war was over women found themselves with an unusual preponderance in numbers over the opposite sex, and this almost exclusively affected those of marriageable age. It was between the ages of twenty and forty that the increased deficiency in men had occurred. The female free and 'on her own' would seem to have been seized by a sudden desperation. She threw over tradition and in her bachelor independence she became aggressively self-sufficient, reacting violently against the ideas of the preceding generation. But the method she chose would seem to be the wrong one. She was too intoxicated by her newly acquired liberty, and her freedom to compete in all spheres with men and therefore to imitate them. Sexually, she turned to the crude device of exposure to attract the male. But this, as every artist satiated by the nude knows well enough, has precisely the opposite effect. The young males were not attracted in that way. They wearied of the easy accessibility of the girls, and the female element in them began to develop, while the male element in the female produced the flat-chested, short-haired, cocktail-

drinking, cigarette-smoking, vivacious, enterprising girl. Mystery and concealment, which were formerly female attractions, vanished, and the budding virility in many young men was rapidly extinguished. In spite of this dislocation, a balance between the two was found and companionship became easy. There was no danger and no question of playing with fire. The girls took the lead, and a degree of intimacy ensued which hardly existed before, even between young people of the same sex.

Anyone at a university will admit that the proportion of young men to-day who appear to be temperamentally effeminate is greater than it has ever been. Some of them even paint and powder and pluck their eyebrows. The type has always existed, but never to the extent it does now, except perhaps in Restoration days, when Wood, in his *Diary*, described with disapproval the effeminate bearing and costume of the Oxford undergraduate of his day.

The young men are dominated by the girls and willingly submit. You can notice it in a restaurant. In old days you would see a man come in to luncheon followed by a girl shy and demure, probably accompanied by her mother or sister. To-day you will see the girl stride in with an air of mastery and assurance, her brimless bowler crushed over her eyes, a long cigarette-holder sticking out of her mouth, and behind her trots the little man. She orders the meal, and if there is any swearing to be done at the waiter she will do it. The rôles have been exchanged. The relationship between them is open, frank, honest, and devoid of hypocrisy. There may be a great deal to be said for it, although to those who remember former times it may seem rather blatant.

It would however be a mistake to suppose that the modern girl is more sophisticated and mature than her

early-nineteenth-century sister. Immature childishness often penetrates through the exterior veil of assurance. I am inclined to think that Amelia was a good deal slyer, and knew quite well what she was about even when she had a fit of the vapors.

A clergyman recently remarked, 'I would rather see a girl on the back of a motor-cycle, dangerous though it may be, than see her fainting on an antimacassar in the drawing-room.' So would I. But the man driving the motor-bike does not regard the girl on the carrier as a female proposition. She is companionable luggage. Whereas the major, who, as the girl on the antimacassar knew quite well, was peeping at her from behind the curtain, was enchanted by this display of feminine weakness, and proceeded to apply restoratives.

It is all very well saying that it is a good thing to eliminate the sex element with its subterfuges and wiles. You cannot do it. You can only dislocate it, and from the point of view of race dislocation may be a serious matter. Whiskers and crinolines acted and reacted the full circle profitably. Effeminacy and exposure act and react in a vicious circle, heading toward impotence and sterility.

The world-shattering events of the last dozen years are quite likely to have produced abnormal phenomena, and this would seem to be one that is worth watching. The phenomenon I am considering is, of course, more noticeable in the idle class, although they set a standard in fashion and manners that, to some extent, is copied all along the line. But if there are to be any ill consequences, it is the idle class, the rich with their dependents and hangers-on, who will be the chief sufferers.

The detachment of the sexes and the accentuation of their differences have considerable importance from the point of view of race efficiency. Those who

supported woman suffrage just because women could compete with men in the professions made a great mistake. The need of women's help in political and social life arose not from their being the same as men but from their being essentially different. It is the natural difference, not the artificial similarity, which is valuable. But, in this mix-up and in the disturbed balance, the only difference that remains is anatomical, and that counts for very little. The girls have the whip hand, and conceivably a reaction may occur sooner or later. But at present I see little sign of it.

Why should not the men assert themselves? Why should they not try to control the fashion? They can do it if they will only take the matter into their own hands. The assertion of virility in those cases where no virility exists may be a difficult matter. But an attempt might be made artificially with a view to readjusting the balance. No effort is needed. All they need do is to grow bushy whiskers. Just as in armaments every new aggression-weapon is immediately replied to by a new method of defense, so the whiskers would be met by lengthened skirts, coverings for the arms and back, and, if the whiskers were sufficiently luxuriant, other more complicated shields and protections. Although sex may control fashion, why might not fashion make an attempt to control sex? It can be argued that, like the egg and the chicken, it may be difficult to determine which came first, the whiskers or the crinoline. If whiskers produce crinolines, might not crinolines produce whiskers? In other words, might not concealment stimulate virility? It may be so; but a first attempt might be made on the side of the attack. It is worth trying just to show that we human beings are really the masters. But I have a misgiving about some of the young men of to-day growing bushy whiskers. I ask myself, can they?

FROM THE SAHARA TO THE SEA. II

BY HENRI DE KERILLIS

From *L'Écho de Paris*, January 29, February 1, 3, 6
(CLERICAL DAILY)

I FILLED my notebook during our journey with detailed descriptions of the way Negro minds — and bodies — reacted to what must have been to them the extraordinary and sensational experience of our arrival. At each halting-place we were surrounded by a sea of wildly agitated heads and distended, greedy-looking eyes. But expressions varied. Many merely assumed a stupid look. The men acted like big children who did not know what to do with their hands and feet. Some attempted an awkward salute; others fell on all fours and prostrated themselves. A few scampered off as fast as their legs could carry them. But a majority ran to meet us and gathered around our automobiles, crowding together in groups like bunches of asparagus, and not daring to utter a word or to make a motion.

Incompetent though I am to express an authoritative opinion upon the primitive mind, I can testify with confidence to the unreadiness, the reluctance, to reason that the blacks almost invariably showed. It would be enough for an old man to remark, a few minutes after we reached a village, 'White man's way,' to satisfy their curiosity as if by magic. That was a complete explanation. Automobiles, radio, telephone, telegraph, are 'white man's way.' These pre-logical minds, absolutely unaffected by the unprecedented, incapable apparently of reasoning from

an effect to a cause, reacted to an absolutely new experience with extraordinary — though transitory — emotion, but without real wonder.

Whenever I had an opportunity to visit a school, I made a point of doing so and of asking the teachers about their pupils. Without exception they told me that Negro children, even those who were brightest and learned most readily, never asked questions. The teachers never heard — absolutely never — a 'Why?' from their classes, such as white pupils constantly ask and mothers hear ceaselessly from their children.

I also plied with questions Europeans whom I met — army officers, traders, and officials — who had dwelt in the country for a long time and been closely associated with the blacks. They told me many curious things about the natives. One anecdote, related by a veteran colonist, seemed so typical that I shall venture to relate it as an example of many. Lieutenant A., a former platoon-commander of native troops, who had left the service fifteen years before, met by chance an old black sharpshooter whom he recognized as his former groom. He told the fellow who he was. The Negro stopped stupefied, merely ejaculating, 'Han! Han!' For a moment the old soldier's face shone with joy. Then it suddenly clouded: 'You Lieutenant A.! Lieutenant A. dead.'

The officer laughed and insisted he was still alive, but the black clung obstinately to his assertion. Finally the former officer, piqued by the black man's skepticism, cited a whole series of incidents to prove his identity. At each new piece of evidence the black's face would lighten up for a moment and he would grin with pleasure, only to resume his skeptical scowl and repeat again: 'Lieutenant A. dead.'

'Me not dead. Me know you well. You my groom. You platoon trumpeter. You in squadron three. Corporal squadron three Monkail-Sekou.'

At each of these facts the good old sharpshooter would ejaculate with joy. The evocation of each memory delighted him, but it had no evidential force in his mind, even when the officer, after racking his memory, recalled the man's name and said: 'You Bindio.'

At this the fellow shouted a happy 'Han! Han!' but returning to his fixed idea, repeated surlily and suspiciously: 'Lieutenant A. dead.'

His mind had registered a report that his officer had been killed in France in 1914. Even allowing for the fact that Lieutenant A. no longer wore his beard, and that he had naturally aged during the intervening years, the Negro memory is so good that he must have recognized a certain personal identity. But neither that nor the accumulation of evidence that the officer produced could efface at that moment the fixed idea that his old commander was dead. But his mind began to puzzle out the situation — though extremely slowly. Fifteen days later the old fellow presented himself to his former officer and said, 'You Lieutenant A.!' and could hardly contain himself for joy.

Our expedition was scheduled to reach Gaya on the evening of November 28. It was at Gaya that we were to cross the Niger in order to reach the main road from North Dahomey to the

railhead at Savé. Such information as we could gather as to the capacity of the only barge available to carry our automobiles across the river was not reassuring. For this reason it was arranged that most of the party, including myself, should go on ahead, leaving the Marshal at Dosso to rejoin us when we had completed arrangements to get across the river.

We left Dosso on November 28 at 2 P.M., and after journeying for several hours were overtaken by darkness en route. A little later we saw a large forest-fire. Driven by a very light wind, it was making slow progress along a perfectly straight front that extended from where we were to the horizon. Flames licked the soil; great canopies of smoke and crackling sparks and cinders rose to an astonishing height above them. The snapping of burning trees and boughs, combined with the low roar of the flames, made a sound like an approaching tempest. When the forest takes fire its panic-stricken inhabitants flee from the danger in a grand pell-mell of terrified, darting forms. The earth was covered with a black carpet — unnumbered trillions of ants quitting their great ant-hills. Multitudes of flying insects, innumerable hosts of beetles, crickets, and locusts, added a shrill note to the confusion. Serpents wound hither and thither. Antelopes, gazelles, and wart-hogs darted past in troops. Lions and leopards slunk hastily across distant openings. This is the time when the blacks gather for their grand hunts. Accompanied by their drummers, they set upon the terrified animals with spears and arrows, and the event winds up in a carnival of blood.

But we traveled faster than the fire and soon left it behind us. The road grew narrower. The trees ceased, and we reached a country covered with a high reedy grass, whose seed-laden tops nodded above the roofs of our cars. We

were submerged in the canebrakes where leopards lurk. The wheels of our cars crunched and crackled through the herbage on either side.

At length we discerned Gaya. Our automobiles followed a sort of road that ascended close to a sombre, rocky cliff. A mob of leaping, howling Negroes, carrying reed torches that scattered a train of sparks in the air behind them, ran forward to meet us. The whites of their eyes, the red palms of their hands the color of ruddy gums, the white circlelets of their waistcloths, their rattling anklets of ivory and coral, and their gold earrings and nose rings reflecting the glitter of our headlights, made a wonderful spectacle. It was like some wild Walpurgis Night among the monkeys. In order to keep up with us on the road up the steep ascent where the road precariously climbs the cliff, they bent over like leopards as they ran, grimacing and roaring with joy.

The Marshal joined us the following morning, and the entire day was spent in crossing the stream. A festival was made of the event. We were treated to dances, sham battles, and amusements of all kinds, which the chiefs, Marabouts, and notables of all the country around had gathered to witness. There were many women in the crowd. I observed that they were better-looking than those at Bourem, Gao, Niamey, and Dosso. During this day — the first of December — our cars were ferried across the Niger one by one — fortunately without the slightest mishap. On the following morning we were astir betimes to cross the stream and regain our 'six-wheelers.' The Marshal, accompanied by several local officials, embarked on a big scow, while the remainder of us went ahead in a pirogue.

It was a delightful trip — five in the morning, with the dawn scarcely tingeing the horizon. We rocked gently on

the glassy water to the rhythm of the paddles. The paddlers sang, as they always do on African rivers. Their melody consists of a single short, melancholy phrase, the accent coming at the moment they bend out in unison and plunge their short paddles into the water. Now and then the singing ceases, while the steersman at the end of the pirogue recites in solo, with a sad, falsetto voice, the voyager's hymn. The moment he stops, the monotonous refrain of the chorus is resumed.

We were soon close to the opposite bank, which we skirted for a considerable distance. The crew exchanged their paddles for long poles and ceased singing. Quacking waterfowl rose from the tall water-weeds, and herons slipped away with mincing steps into the lush foliage. We caught glimpses of the bronze snouts of crocodiles gliding just beneath the surface of the water. The sun, peeking above the horizon, flooded the land and the water with rosy light.

Two representatives of the Dahomey administration were waiting to receive us and to accompany us through the territory under their jurisdiction. We certainly needed a guide, for nowhere in Africa is the traveler remoter from the mentality and the customs of Europe than he is here. We were leaving Mussulman Africa behind us. The great Mohammedan invasions of the last century dashed in vain against the ramparts of black Dahomey. To be sure, nowhere in tropical Africa has Islam left more than a thin varnish over the barbarous superstitions, the fetishism, the idolatry, and the cannibalism of the natives. None the less it has been a civilizing influence, a transition to something better. But here in Dahomey fetishism remains intact. The medicine-man, with his occult practices, his divinations, his sorcery and magic, his taboos and talismans, his professed

communion with ancestral spirits, still reigns supreme. These native superstitions are a strange mixture of logic and absurdity, of morality and crime, of elaborate doctrine and naïve cult. They recognize but one god, Mahou, universal and all-powerful. But since there is no evidence that Mahou has ever taken a personal interest in man, — at least in the black man, — no one ever prays to him. Nevertheless he has created a host of intermediaries between himself and the human race: the forces of nature, — land, water, fire, — the great trees, lightning, disease. He has created animals superior to men in respect to longevity and to certain more or less clearly defined powers, such as the serpent, the leopard, and the lion. He communicates with the spirits of the dead. All his immense creation is visible and palpable. It is fetish — voodoo. It is animated by a world of evil spirits and obscure, exigent, malicious, tyrannical, and powerful divinities, whom men must constantly propitiate by prayers, offerings, sacrifices, and blood.

As soon as we crossed the Niger the aspect of the country changed remarkably. The forest growth became denser and more luxuriant. Great red flamboyants, fig trees, buginvilleas with their mauve flowers that recall our syringas from a distance, mangoes with their luscious fruit, and long hedges of flowering shrubbery laden with yellow and crimson blossoms, abounded. The soft coloring of the vegetation and its familiar forms would at times recall a European countryside were it not for long rows of palm trees bordering the water, and verdant savannas with an indefinable African aspect.

On account of the denser vegetation, we no longer saw large animals, except droves of monkeys in the trees and pythons sleeping in the branches. Every time we stopped we were impressed by

the incredible number of ants. There are a thousand varieties — enormous red ones, tiny white ones, and blacks and browns. We followed ant-trails for hundreds of yards before they meandered out of sight into the neighboring jungle.

We passed no large villages — merely hamlets consisting of a few huts surrounding the large, square, central structure where the head of the family resided, and compassed about by a tall palisade of interwoven branches as a protection against leopards. In the vicinity of each of these little settlements were a few gardens and millet fields. The sowing of the millet in the spring is accompanied by a picturesque ritual. The village headman breaks the first clod. Then all the men range themselves in a line. Behind each man is his wife, and behind each woman a child. Then all advance in regular order. At each step a man makes a hole in the ground with his hoe. The woman behind him deposits the grain, and the child covers the grain with earth. Thus the entire population of the village marches across the field, chanting a song, and accompanying its labors with certain conventional gestures and movements that convert the whole procedure into a sort of native dance.

At the foot of majestic old trees, at points where trails crossed, near springs, at field corners, in front of each hut, at village entrances, — wherever there was anything to distinguish a particular point in the landscape, — we saw tiny huts covered with thatch or palm leaves. They looked like children's playhouses. These sheltered the fetishes, — pottery dishes, statuettes, rude idols, little heaps of earth or clay, — and before each stood offerings of palm oil, manioc, Indian corn, water, and fruit.

When we reached Kandi the local 'king' came on horseback, accompanied

by an escort of fine-looking riders, to greet the Marshal. The ceremony was very short. The Marshal stood at the top of the steps leading to the residence of the Administrator. The Chief approached, bowed three times, dismounted, shook the Marshal's hand, stuttered a few respectful words, and departed.

After a hasty luncheon we set out toward Parakou. That evening just after sunset Major Ihler and I, who were riding in the same car, had a little surprise. A magnificent leopard sud-

denly appeared a couple of hundred yards in front of us. Stopping in the middle of the road she smelled the ground and sniffed the moist air. Our driver instinctively slackened our pace. As we approached we could see clearly her long, supple back, powerful muscles, graceful poise, and spotted pelt. She made no move as we drew nearer. We reached for our rifles, but too late. The great animal slowly turned her head, stared at us calmly and fearlessly for a second, and then with a single bound vanished in the jungle.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN GERMANY

BY LUDOVIC NAUDEAU

From *L'Illustration*, January 31

(PARIS ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY)

I HAD left Berlin in 1914 a few hours before the declaration of war. I returned ten and a half years later, arriving at night. As my train rushed through the suburbs the capital seemed to me gloomy and poorly lighted. This first impression was confirmed when I got out at Friedrichstrasse Station, and continued with me as long as I remained. I do not think that I am deceived here. I recall the bright street-lighting of the old days, the electric brilliance that made pre-war Berlin a brighter city than Paris. Now the long avenues and undefined spaces of the parks repose in a semiobscurity.

Next morning's impression was more cheerful. Unter den Linden was the same avenue of fine shops which I had known so well in 1914. Wonderful displays of diamonds sparkled in the jewelers' windows, side by side with

graven gold and heavy plate. Rich furs, ancient Oriental rugs, wonderful antiques, art objects from Japan and China — all spoke of wealth and luxury. Christmas was near, and merchants rivaled each other in displaying in their show-windows those pretty and useless things that are considered peculiarly suitable for gifts. I observed that there were abundant purchasers. Food-shops were solidly buttressed with tiers of multicolored bottles and pillars of ham, sausages, geese, and other carnal delights.

Everything indicated that the people were looking forward to an abundance of good cheer on the approaching holiday, but no one seemed to be fasting in view of that event. The restaurants I visited were crowded with big, robust, rosy-complexioned men, who looked pompously proud of their

obesity. They ate heartily, drank deeply, and smoked fat cigars. Now the cheapest of these cigars costs a franc, but a franc is worth only twenty pfennigs, and twenty pfennigs is the price of a postage stamp or a newspaper.

Students strutted past with court-plaster on their faces, testifying that the old art of duelling still survives. All home-keeping Berlin was abroad buying family Christmas trees. These were stacked in veritable forests in public squares and along the quays. Christmas is a family festival in Germany. On Christmas Eve restaurants, cafés, and other places of public entertainment close at 8 P.M. Your honest German citizen commemorates the birth of the Saviour at home behind drawn curtains. To him, as he will assure you, rolling his blue eyes toward Heaven, it is a holy, *heiliger*, day; but he considers that no reason why he should exclude from the festival those two pagan deities, Gambrinus and Bacchus.

New Year's Eve is entirely different. For fifteen days beforehand the show-windows of the hotels and restaurants of Berlin displayed cards requesting patrons to reserve tables as early as possible for the *Silvester Feier*. Of course, in Paris habitual merrymakers pack the boulevard cafés and Montmartre drinking-places on this occasion. But they are an entirely different clientele, with which our respectable bourgeoisie would shrink from mingling. But here in the great Protestant capital of the North every hotel, large or small, and every restaurant and café, luxurious or humble, is the scene of a great neighborhood get-together.

I am told that there are a certain number of old pensioners and down-at-the-heel intellectuals who have been ruined by inflation and have taken refuge in attics and the back rooms of

lodging-houses, where they mourn in silence for the good old times. But I never saw these people, never met them. The river of life flows on and tosses them aside like forgotten driftwood on its bank. Were I to judge solely by what I saw with my own eyes, I should conclude that every family in Berlin had marks enough on New Year's Eve to desert the domestic hearth and celebrate abroad. Until late at night I saw respectable Berliners and their gracious dames, in dinner jackets and evening gowns, eating beyond their appetite, drinking beyond their thirst, wearing tissue-paper caps, throwing confetti, drinking again, blowing whistles, again dancing, again drinking, and then resuming the dance. Each party arrived with an air of self-conscious dignity, and seated itself at a table previously reserved, in formal silence. But as the evening wore on and the wine flowed faster, the ice was broken. People lost their stiffness, eyes sparkled, voices rose, and the great room began to resound with vociferous jollity.

Well, you would say, have n't these people a right to amuse themselves as they wish — at least once a year? Yes, without doubt; but in the more luxurious of these establishments each of these little dinner-parties costs at the very minimum one hundred marks — that is to say, twenty-five dollars — a person. And as such scenes were repeated in every great town in Germany, I could not refrain from pondering on the enormous sum thus wasted during the early hours of 1925 by a nation that has been pleading poverty to all the world. Nor does this include the crowd that packed Friedrichstrasse — files of young people blowing long pasteboard trumpets, maskers, women dressed as men and men dressed as women; and the imitation of the cries of animals, the confetti, the torpedoes, the fireworks — all the rude merriment

of a population that showed no evidence whatsoever of want and privation.

Since then I have mentioned what I saw to many Germans of position in the intellectual world, and I notice that, irrespective of their political opinions, they are embarrassed when I refer to it. Some condemn roundly the profiteers and the new rich. Others ascribe that brief hour of gayety to a prevailing feeling of insecurity and instability that makes men eager to seize every pleasure of the moment lest it escape entirely. I also noticed that any reference to the respective values of the franc and the mark embarrassed the responsible Germans with whom I talked. They prefer to pass that fact over in silence. Utterly astounded by the remarkable success of their shrewd creation, the Rentenmark, and by that special providence for Germany, the Dawes Plan, which has completely restored their currency, they realize that their country is again on its feet. They instinctively feel that it is better not to advertise the miracle, lest Germany's recovered strength create new alarms among the Allies.

Let me confess that New Year's morning, as I watched the last belated merrymakers leaving the scenes of the night's festivities, I thought to myself: Our newspapers in Paris harp on Germany's vast armaments. Consequently Europe must be on the qui vive for something startling. But now that I am here in the German capital, do I feel as if I were camping on a volcano? Not at all. My principal impression is that at the present time the people of Berlin are occupied chiefly in opening beer and wine bottles.

Where are the symptoms of that deep-seated thirst for vengeance that our newspapers describe to us? What evidence of German war-preparedness have I seen? I confess I arrived here so impressed by what I had been reading

for several months that I expected to see on every hand processions of belligerent gentlemen goose-stepping through the streets, and athletic societies training for field service. I had been assured that practically all the able-bodied young men in Germany were under one pretext or another wearing uniforms. But I looked for such things in vain. I made unannounced excursions to the most unexpected places; I talked with people; I asked men to give me some hint as to where I could see suspicious assemblages. Honesty compels me to say that I discovered absolutely nothing.

The only men I saw who looked like regular soldiers were the green police — the *Schupos* — who perform the service of our gendarmes. I had already seen them in the Ruhr. What are they? Are they not very numerous? Are they not trained in the old Prussian tactics? Don't they march in the goose step at reviews? I shall discuss this later. At present I am reporting only what I saw.

I met at Berlin an educated young Frenchman who was an exception in that he worked neither for the press nor for his Government. He had resided in Berlin for several months on private business. What had he seen? Just as much as I had and no more. He assured me that all he had learned about Germany's war-preparations was from the Paris journals. He lives from morning until night among the Germans, and having discovered nothing alarming he is skeptical.

What did I see at places of public entertainment? I found the cinemas precisely like our own, with the same Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, American cowboys strong as Turks, agile as monkeys, and brave as lions, and model sons, husbands, and fathers. The Germans laughed at the same scenes that make us laugh, they shuddered when we

shudder, they shrugged their shoulders when we shrug our shoulders. It is very disturbing. Can it be that, after all, they are Europeans like ourselves?

There are no less than three, and sometimes four, operas going in Berlin. They are given at points rather remote from each other, for this capital of four million people has no true civic centre. Rather it has several of them. Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden, famous in former days, have lost some of their prestige to Kurfürstendamm and Wittensberg Platz. This dispersion explains why you never see such congestion of traffic here at any single point as occurs in Paris and London.

Every time I attended the opera in Berlin I found the house crowded. Since I paid fifteen marks — that is \$3.75 — for my seat, I suppose most of my neighbors did the same. It is true that the Grand Opera House in Paris is also filled at every representation, but at least half of the audience always consists of Americans, Englishmen, and other strangers who profit by our depreciated currency to indulge in luxuries that many of our countrymen cannot afford. In Berlin, on the other hand, the audiences consist of unmistakable Germans; and as every place of entertainment is crowded, this must testify to a high degree of well-being.

Our Grand Opera House in Paris still remains incomparably the most magnificent theatrical edifice in the world. There is nothing in Berlin to rival it, and its boxes afford a display of jewels and sumptuous toilettes that combine to form a scene as agreeable as the stage itself. At the opera in Berlin, on the other hand, one cannot avoid being struck by the simplicity of the ladies' costumes — and 'simplicity' is an almost flattering description.

The opera begins at six o'clock, and after the first act everybody rushes to

the foyer restaurant to devour cold dishes and cakes, and drink coffee and beer.

So this is the Berlin of 1925. I find it so much like the Berlin of ten years ago that I must make a constant effort to recall the years that have intervened. Yet there is no longer a Kaiser constantly parading before the crowd, there are no more spiked helmets, no more snappy guard-mounts, no more regiments of automatons filing mechanically down Unter den Linden to the rattle of their equipment, and no more monocled officers crowding people off the sidewalks. How does it happen, then, that the city does not seem more changed?

The experience that has astonished me most is to see Hotel Bellevue in Potsdamer Platz occupied by the offices of the Interallied Control Commission without guards or protection of any kind. A crowd is passing it all day long. Our officials are visible through the unscreened windows working at their desks. But no one pays the slightest attention to them. Our generals travel throughout the territories of the former empire and not the slightest incident marks their passage. Our officers live in private apartments scattered over the capital like ordinary citizens and no one troubles himself about them.

In order to appreciate what that means, I have tried, with some effort, to imagine what would happen with the situation reversed — if a German military commission were now installed in one of our great Parisian hotels, if our country were divided into inspection zones and kept constantly under the eagle eye of Prussian, Austrian, or Balkan officers.

Why, then, must I make such an effort to persuade myself that Germany has changed radically since 1914? Is it not because I realize, or imagine that

I realize, that the country is essentially the same as it was ten years ago, with its industrial resources not only intact but formidably strengthened, with immense reserves of men, with inexhaustible reservoirs of natural wealth, with an insatiable appetite for aggrandizement, and with unlimited dreams of production and expansion? What are transitory sanctions, what are temporary advantages in the rivalry of nations, if the course of years does not confirm them? What does it matter to Germany if she is supervised and inspected for a brief period so long as she realizes that the hour is inevitably approaching when she can resume her complete independence — when time works in her favor?

Does the average German, the man in the street, detest us French? I hesitate to believe it when I recall that I have traveled great distances through Germany during the last few weeks without encountering a single instance of offensive conduct or a single gesture of ill-will. I have the misfortune to speak German rather badly, and I ad-

vertise my nationality with every word I utter. Now I have never experienced in Germany, and particularly in Berlin, the slightest discourtesy. When I inquire the way of a Schupo he always directs me carefully and correctly. When I have had to apply to a civilian for some favor, as has happened repeatedly, he has put himself out to accommodate me. Never on a single occasion have I been treated with other than the utmost courtesy. I have often conversed in French with my fellow countrymen in public places without exciting the slightest remark. But the feelings of the individual German count for little, because his spirit of discipline makes him subordinate himself entirely to the interest of his country. And causes of conflict exist between France and Germany that do not spring from sentiment, but from geography, political economy, and one might almost say biological necessity.

Is this necessity powerful enough to make another war inevitable? That is precisely what I am trying to discover, and feel each day less able to decide.

CLEVER MR. DELAVEL

BY ETHEL ASHTON EDWARDS

From the English Review, August

(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

MR. DELAVEL liked to be well known. He liked to hear people say, as they met him in the street, 'There goes Mr. Delavel. Oh! I knew him at once!' There was something satisfactory about it. It made him feel solid and prosperous, sure of himself and of the quick common-sense of the British public. When he first became a Minister of

the Crown, more years ago than he cared to remember, Mr. Delavel had been considered something of an adventurer. 'These brilliant men' — 'unreliable' — 'nobody knew,' people said. But by the time he had settled things in Turkey (from which you will gather that Mr. Delavel, among other official capacities, numbered that of

Minister for Foreign Affairs) public opinion began to sway toward him. He was evidently a man of imagination; he had grasp. Later he did several wonderful things in the Navy. This was when he was First Lord, of course. And for four years as Minister of Labor he had kept the country free from strikes. Now he had only to cross a street for people to turn round and say to each other, 'Did you see him? There goes Mr. Delavel. Oh! I knew him at once.' And the knowledge of this recognition was as balm to his soul.

That was the man's little foible, the offset of his greatness. For the rest, Mr. Delavel was a very lonely man. He had a beautiful house in Queen Anne's Gate, and a beautiful sister, who came up from Lincolnshire and played hostess for him from time to time. But Mr. Delavel was, in his heart, acutely conscious that it really mattered very little to anyone in the world whether he lived or died. Perhaps it was this very loneliness that so welcomed any sort of recognition. He knew half London; all London knew him. But he was nobody's care. The beautiful sister in Lincolnshire had her hunting squire of a husband, and her three handsome children. Mr. Delavel lived alone. It was an astonishing thing to many people that he had never married. It sometimes astonished himself. Especially when he remembered what narrow escapes he had had. There was that girl at Holme Lacy—he smiled. Mr. Delavel, in his afternoon walk, had crossed from Hyde Park Corner, and, walking up past the Achilles statue, had sat down on a green chair to watch and to be watched. It was a beautiful June evening. He felt happy and at peace with all the world. And he was very well dressed.

Ursula Martyn, coming home after a long day in her studio, sat down also to watch. She came to the conclusion that

the Hyde Park crowd in the season was n't what it used to be, and that motors were nothing like so picturesque as the horse carriages of twenty years ago. She did not look at Mr. Delavel at all, though his chair was quite near hers. But he looked at her.

Ursula Martyn was not in her first youth. You will have gathered that from her reference to the seasons of twenty years ago. She had a handsome, well-shaped face, gray eyes and gray hair. Yes, gray hair. She was dressed entirely in gray, and she carried herself with an air. Mr. Delavel decided that she must be an Ambassador's wife, or, if she was n't, she ought to be. The sun grew hotter, and Ursula Martyn put up a gray sunshade, which hid her face. I suppose nothing more would have happened if a gust of wind had not carried Mr. Delavel's monocle at the end of its watered-silk cord straight into Ursula's parasol, when the cord wound itself up in one of the spokes and remained like a fishing-line, with the monocle as a bait. Ursula promptly undid the cord and handed the monocle back to Mr. Delavel. And again he noticed how handsome she was, and again he told himself that she was an Ambassador's wife, or, if she was n't, she ought to be.

He did not see her again for six weeks. This time he was on the Terrace of the House of Commons, and he saw her walking with the Member for East Loamshire. 'Politician's wife,' he said to himself; 'well, I was not far out.' He knew the Member for East Loamshire a little, so he strolled up and spoke to him. Ursula Martyn remembered Mr. Delavel. Ah! now she knew who it was she had sat next to in the park; of course, it was Mr. Delavel! She had wondered at the time. 'Mr. Delavel, my sister, Miss Ursula Martyn,' said the Member for East Loamshire. And, to his utter surprise, Mr. Delavel felt a sudden sense of relief.

'My sister!' His quick mind flew on ahead, and he saw himself with this very dignified and beautiful creature — ascending heights of achievement that even he would never reach alone. 'What a helpmate!' he said in his heart. 'A woman to be proud of. And so well dressed, so absolutely well turned out. Must be wealthy.'

Ursula Martyn met his glance with a ready scrutiny. She saw in Mr. Delavel a man well assured of himself and of what he meant to the world in which he lived. She knew him, of course, by name and reputation, and he knew nothing of her. Mr. Delavel begged them to join him at tea.

'Are you in London for long?' he asked.

'I live in London,' she said. He wondered where. But she spared him further speculation by remarking: —

'I live in London because my work is here. I have a little flat in King's Road, Chelsea. It's rather far out, but it's cheap. I paint the most beautiful pictures, but they don't sell as they ought.' And she laughed — a delightful laugh.

Mr. Delavel laughed too. But, to be quite candid, her revelation was rather a shock to him. He disapproved of women who did things; more emphatically he disapproved of women who did things for money. His interest waned a little. And yet he found himself saying, 'I should like to see your pictures.'

'That's easily managed,' said Ursula lightly. 'I have a little show next week, and I should be very glad if you would come.' She took an invitation card out of her bag and gave it to him.

And next Tuesday Mr. Delavel went his way to Chelsea. From that day he was a lost man.

It was the peculiar charm of Ursula Martyn that when she talked to you

she looked and spoke as if she cared for no one else. And her studio was so delightful; pale, restful gray everywhere, with masses of pink and cream roses. Those roses must have cost a good deal — and she said she was poor. At least, she would not be earning money if she had enough to live on without it, he supposed. He had always known that artists were extravagant. The next moment he was asking her to paint his portrait! Mr. Delavel had a fine, alert, clean-shaven face, with interesting hair that waved a little, turning gray over the temples. He thought to himself that she ought to make quite a nice picture of him. Then, catching sight of them both in a mirror as she stood by his side, he told himself what a distinguished couple they were, and how strange it was they should neither of them have married before. They must have been waiting for each other.

Before he left the studio — and the quite smart crowd that had collected there — she made a businesslike appointment with him for his first sitting, noting it down in a little blue crushed-morocco book, with a gold pencil. And so he came again and again to the studio. To be quite precise, he came twelve times, and then he asked her to marry him.

'Dear Mr. Delavel,' she said sweetly. 'How good of you! But you have n't seen the *Times* this morning, have you? I am going to marry our Ambassador in Rome on the Monday after next.'

And Mr. Delavel, no whit discomfited, answered, with a perfectly good grace: 'I said when I saw you first, "That woman is an Ambassador's wife, or, if she is n't, she ought to be."'

And Ursula smiled her charming smile, and held out her hand to him. 'How astonishingly clever of you, Mr. Delavel.'

MEXICO, A CITY-VILLAGE

BY JULIO JIMENEZ RUEDA

From the *Excelsior*, February 22
(MEXICO-CITY INDEPENDENT DAILY)

MEXICO CITY at nighttime resembles an immense, sleepy village. A traveler arriving from a great capital of Europe or the United States is struck by the absence of life in her silent avenues, where even the vague shadow of a nocturnal pedestrian is seldom seen. Street lamps waste their useless brilliance upon the shining asphalt. At rare intervals a passing automobile startles a famished dog nosing for food in the litter of an overfilled garbage-can; or a prehistoric hack, with a driver wrapped to the nose in a moth-eaten cavalry cape, and guiding with shaking hands a pair of skeleton steeds soon to be consigned as worthless to a gory death in the bull ring, casts a shaking silhouette against a wall.

On such dull village nights the theatres are practically deserted. Three rows of seats may be filled with those who pay. Scattered over the remainder of the house are the deadheads. The latter are always the same people — jobless actors, unpublished authors, unemployed journalists, perennial stage-door loafers, critics and pseudo-critics who know every secret of the greenroom world, and superannuated stage veterans with their mouths full of admiration for the past, of contempt for the present, and of dark forebodings for the future.

The curtain rises and falls without the faintest ripple of applause. Emotionless actors declaim their parts mechanically and move about the stage

like wire-pulled automatons. Only the voice of the prompter is distinctly audible in the gloomy vacuum of the boxes. Ushers and ticket-takers doze in lobbies. Violins screech shrilly to the mechanical movement of the bow. The whole house seems to yawn with drowsy ennui.

Mexico City, with her six hundred thousand inhabitants, with all her pretensions to be a modern capital, with her busy daytime life, thus becomes at night an enormous village immersed in the lethargy and monotony of a sleepy country-town. Her people dread the darkness, fearful of the ruffians whom the police protect and the sharp, pneumonia-laden night air.

In fact, Mexico at night still preserves her colonial character. She still wears the guise of her feudal days. Her plazas may be rebuilt, her avenues extended, her ancient seigniorial palaces remodeled into American pharmacies and modern shops; but her drowsy night-life keeps the same slow rhythm that it did in the monastic days of old.

But Mexico is no holy city. Secretly she gambles, secretly she indulges in all the vices; secretly her people poison themselves with alcohol and drugs, secretly they assassinate each other. She is a hypocritical city. She practises every vice that the modern world has invented for its self-annihilation. She indulges in the dissipations of Paris and New York, but without the joy that gives them a pretense of rationality, or

the craving for beauty and happiness that lends them a noble pathos. In Mexico vice is petty and affected — an alien parasite on the old colonial life.

We Mexicans are taciturn by nature. Rarely does joy excite us to song and laughter. We know nothing of the high spirits of the French. Were a person to sing at midnight in our streets he would scandalize every good citizen returning from the cinema, contented with having seen his own stupidity faithfully reflected on the screen from eight interminable reels of celluloid.

Our drunkenness also is sad. Wine rises to our heads in waves of blood. Then we kill — kill as naturally as other men laugh and dance.

Cabarets, centres of wild merriment in the United States and Europe, among us become sad places where people dine expensively, drink economically, and dance hieratically.

Yet now and then our village does rouse itself. It is when the circus comes, producing wild excitement in the children, and arousing in their eld-

ers curiosity to learn the clown's latest jokes and to see the ringmaster's fat calves. So the village throws off its lethargy at the announcement of this alien spectacle, which utterly upsets the domestic routine of our good citizens. On such occasions families forget their normal bed-hour and valiantly sally forth to face the unknown terrors of the night.

Or, now and then, the whole town goes mad over a theatre troupe. The actors and their plays become the universal topic of conversation. The star's gowns and hats are copied everywhere. If the play runs to the picaresque, its success is overwhelming. Our citizens sharpen their rustic wit to search for the double-entendre in every phrase. They polish their glasses so as not to miss a detail of what happens upon the stage. If the play is sufficiently risqué, its success is assured; for then the whole town opens wide its right eye to miss no detail, while it discreetly closes the left out of regard for the young folks.

WHEN THE PRODIGAL RETURNS

TRIBULATIONS OF AN UNCLE FROM THE ORIENT

From the Japan Weekly Chronicle, January 8

(KOBE ANGLO-JAPANESE WEEKLY)

'UNCLE GEORGE,' pleaded Angela, as she made desperate efforts to wring off my top waistcoat button, 'Uncle, dear, please tell me why Mummy calls you a — an — an Eastern nabob?'

I was cornered by Angela, aged six and a half, while her fond parents, misguided creatures, had disappeared to a tea-party with some neighbors. I had

refused to go, pleading fatigue and the need of a quiet nap. Angela had evidently overheard some indiscreet remarks made by her parents anent that 'lazy ruffian George' who had just drifted home from Japan after an absence of seven years. John has never been farther from London than Ostend — an experience of which he still

speaks mysteriously in the smoking-room — and my sister Miriam loves London far too much ever to stir from there. Thus they are fully qualified to misrepresent any country under the sun, and those who have been there.

I paused in thought, but, fearing further questions, hoped a lengthy explanation might gain time.

'Well — er — you see, my dear, nabob is an expression used by English people to denote one who has spent many years toiling under the blazing sun in the Far East, and more particularly those who have lived long in India.' This seemed a sound start and I was getting fairly into my stride. 'It is a popular superstition that such people are all very rich, but' — here I noticed a gleam in Angela's eye, doubtless inherited from Miriam — 'but, I say, this is not so.' I paused for inspiration.

'Daddy says you're spoiled. I thought only babies was spoiled, Uncle!'

How could I refute this scandalous libel without destroying forever Angela's faith in her father's infallibility.

'Merely a jocular way in which people at home refer to poor exiles like myself,' I replied. 'In a land where the tropical sun shines so fiercely' — after all it does shine quite fiercely in Japan for nearly three months in the year — 'a man cannot do just as he does at home. Reasons of health.'

"Pulled round the town in a little gocart." I could almost hear John's sneering voice. 'What did Daddy mean by that, Uncle?'

'I imagine your father was referring to the useful rikisha which we over-worked Europeans use as a means of conveyance at times.'

'I gave up my gocart when I was five. Nursey said I was too heavy. Did n't your nursey —'

'Quite a different thing, my dear,' I cut in. 'But why not tell your uncle what you did this morning?' Heavens! one must do something to stem the tide of questions.

'Mummy said I was to 'muse you, Uncle.' Thank you, Miriam, for the kindly thought! 'I seed a little gocart the other day with a donkey. Did your gocart have a donkey, Uncle?'

'No, my pet. Only in London or at the seaside does one see donkeys.' Confound John and all his works, the loquacious ass! Picture being hauled down the Bund by a donkey!

'Is n't it time for your tea, Angela?' I ventured.

'Not till Nursey comes. May I tell her about your gocart?'

'No, my child, on no account! That is strictly a secret between ourselves. It might upset Nursey, and besides —'

'Are you married, Uncle George?' Ye gods, what will the child ask next!

'No, my dear, not yet.'

'Cause I heard Mummy say —'

'Never repeat what you hear others say, Angela,' I warned uselessly.

'— say you loved your little peg. Who is Peg, Uncle?'

Perspiration beaded my brow. Would I had gone to the confounded tea-party. I felt in need of several 'pegs.'

'A small misunderstanding, dear.' I smiled wanly. 'A peg is a slang expression for the mild form of liquid refreshment' — Shades of the Kobe Club, be still! — 'which the exile from home indulges in when he is very thirsty.'

I breathed again while Angela pondered a moment, and thought of what I would say to John and Miriam when next I got them alone.

'What a funny name! Is it like barley water, Uncle?'

'Barley figures largely in its composition, I believe.' How refreshing to be truthful for once!

'Nursey's young man drinks pegs,

too. He says they warm up his innards.' Here I could detect the result of listening in to a chat between Nurse and her young man. 'Do your pegs warm your innards, Uncle?'

'That's hardly a word a young lady should use, Angela.'

'I know, but do they?'

'Perhaps they do,' I admitted. 'But we only take them as medicine, to keep off the fever, you know.'

'My med'cine's liq'rish powder, and that's horrid. Last time I spitted it all out and —'

The door opened to admit a protect-
ing angel in the guise of Nurse.

'Tea time, Miss Angela,' she said. 'Come along, dear.'

I was saved. Angela climbed slowly down from my knee. Obviously she had more questions up her sleeve. 'Good-bye, Uncle,' she murmured. 'Did you ever spit —'

'Never, my dear,' I broke in hastily. One cannot hold conversations like this in front of a nurse. 'Run along to tea, there's a good girl. Don't keep Nurse waiting.'

As the door closed behind them Angela's clear voice came back to me faintly: 'Nurse, Uncle George says his pegs warm his innards, too.'

A MEMORY

BY W. H. DAVIES

[*Spectator*]

I HAVE no memory of his face —
A bearded man, or smooth and bare;
I never heard my mother call
My father either dark or fair.

All I remember is a coat
Of velvet, buttoned on his breast,
Where I, when tired of fingering it,
Would lay my childish head and rest.

His voice was low and seldom heard,
His body small — I've heard it said;
But his hoarse cough made children think
Of monsters growling to be fed.

If any children took that road,
And heard my father coughing near,
They whispered, 'Hist! Away, away —
There's some big giant lives in there!'

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE FRENZIES OF THE DEPUTIES

M. PAUL PAINLEVÉ, the distinguished Frenchman, who is unique among mathematicians in that he is a politician, and unique among politicians in that he is a mathematician, is meditating reforms that will, he hopes, aid him in quelling the tumults of the *Chambre des Députés*, which has the reputation of being one of the noisiest parliamentary assemblages in Europe.

When the five hundred Frenchmen, plus a handful of Negroes, who constitute the membership of the Chamber, all get excited at once, no human voice can make itself heard; neither can the little hand-bell which stands on the President's desk call the House to order. Perhaps a Royalist Deputy makes mention of a king. Perhaps a Communist Member snarls a reference to the days of the Commune. Then the Chamber bubbles over. Shouts of '*Malheureux!*' — '*Assassin!*' — '*Misérable!*' and other such mild terms, which are deadly insults in French ears, ring out upon the parliamentary scene. Sturdy French arms are frantically brandished. Bloodshed seems imminent. The President rings his little bell in vain. He shouts himself hoarse — it is all of no avail. He has to put on his hat — even excited Deputies can see when they cannot hear — and end the session abruptly.

Now M. Painlevé, being a mathematician, has a logical mind. The thing has lasted ever since the Republic began, with few casualties more disastrous than an occasional black eye; but some day somebody might get hurt. Consequently M. Painlevé proposes

two alternative measures of reform. One is that a powerful megaphone — a kind of parliamentary trump of doom — shall be installed upon his desk, through which he can thunder forth rebuke that will strike terror even to the heart of an indignant French Deputy. The other alternative is an electric bell — an electric bell, be it noted, of a gigantic size and incredible power — which by the violence of its ringing will drown out the shouts of the infuriated legislators and make them listen to their master's voice.



THE MENACE OF OUR YANKEE MOVIES

THE *London Morning Post* raises a cry of alarm — as the *Morning Post* is fond of doing — over the danger that the world may be Americanized by moving pictures before it knows it. The world may be reassured, however. The danger is not quite so bad as might be imagined. Not even the *Morning Post* is pessimistic enough to think that the world can be made anything like the movies.

No, no. The danger is purely commercial, and it is the manufacturers of imperial Britain who are threatened. The Near East, it appears, is beginning to demand clothes, boots, and shoes cut in the American style. Yorkshire and Northamptonshire must change their products to meet the new demand. The reason? The Near East has grown used to American styles in the moving pictures that Hollywood grinds out, and insists — for the Near East has curious tastes — on being similarly garbed. Other American products are likewise popularized. A single Ameri-

can film with a sewing machine in it is said to have led all China to demand American sewing machines. Worse and worse: —

The East is forced by pictorial evidence to believe that American locomotives, fire engines, motor-cars and architecture are the 'last word' in up-to-date excellence, and the ever-growing effect is bound to cause injury to British industry and commerce.

But perhaps the *Morning Post* is a trifle naïve after all, for it assures us that the American public is 'fastidious' in its choice of moving pictures. Of all the remarkable European opinions about our remarkable country, this must be very nearly the most remarkable.

SUN BATHS FOR MONKEYS

THE London Zoo is worried about its monkeys. The theory has always been that since most monkeys come from warm climates they should be given warm houses; but this, it appears, is all wrong. The zoölogist, Dr. Leonard Hill, has, after investigation, decided that what the lungs of monkeys most require is really cold air, and so the monkeys of the London Zoo must say good-bye to the hot-water pipes that have kept them warm so long.

The baneful American device of central heating is to vanish, and the monkeys are to be given cold-air treatment. But they are not to be left to shiver uncomforted. There will be inner chambers in their houses, and covered verandas in the open air with shelves warmed to a higher temperature than any now provided.

This is not all, however. As the *Times* remarks, — 'there are few parts of the world now inhabited by monkeys which do not enjoy a greater dower of sunlight than is bestowed on the British Isles.' The scientists of the Zoo appar-

ently have also heard the rumor that sometimes there are fogs in London, and they intend to make their monkeys fog-proof with artificial sunlight. The fog screens off the violet rays. The glass windows of the monkey house exclude them, too.

What is a monkey without a violet ray? In the opinion of the London Zoo he is a very miserable creature. And so incandescent electric bulbs, fashioned of quartz glass, are to shed the all-important ultra-violet light in which the monkeys will bask.

CORRECTING KIPLING

THE thousands who have for years enjoyed Kipling's *Mandalay* will learn with dismay that it is full of geographical errors. It is a learned German who reveals the dreadful fact in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* — none other than Doctor Fritz Noetling, formerly attached to the Geological Survey in India.

'How,' he inquires, 'can a Burma maid sit in Mandalay by the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking eastward to the sea? Quite aside from the fact that Mandalay is not on the sea, the Burma maid, if she could make out the sea at all, would have to look west, and not east.'

It is also impossible to see the dawn coming up like thunder out of China across the bay of Bengal, which is the only body of water available. Moreover, as a matter of cold zoölogy, nobody has ever seen flying fishes play along the way to Mandalay. Nor are flying fishes known to come up the Irrawaddy river.

Having thus devastated the unfortunate bard of Empire, whose local color has always been one of his strong points, our geologist condescendingly admits that 'in spite of all these blunders, this little poem has a wonderful poetic charm.'

There seems to be a moral about geological meddlings with poetry concealed somewhere in the incident.



ACCURATE FOLKLORE

IN the *Nordisk Tidskrift* of Stockholm a Swedish writer, Mr. Wilhelm Cederschiöld, relates an interesting story which seems to show that an isolated historical fact may be preserved in the popular memory for thousands of years. This is the tale:—

Near Lohede, in Slesvig, there stands a great burial-mound, which the country people call the Queen's Barrow. Here, according to the legend, lies a prince whom 'Black Margaret,' the Consort of Christian I, slew with her own hand. The country folk relate that she was at war with a foreign prince, and this artful woman sent a message to her enemy inviting him to settle the difference between them in single combat. The prince agreed. They met and fought together for a time but without either receiving a wound. Then Black Margaret called out: 'Wait a moment. I must fasten the strap of my helmet,' and she made him stick his sword to the hilt in the ground! Immediately Black Margaret swung her sword and cut off the Prince's head.

But did Queen Margaret murder the man who lies in the Queen's Barrow? There is no difficulty in clearing her memory on that score, inasmuch as he lived 3000 years before she was born. Nevertheless, the kernel of the story, that a man with head cut off lies in the Queen's Barrow, is absolutely true. When the barrow was opened, a skeleton with the head lying at its feet was found. It was a true story that had been retained in the memory of the country folk for almost 4000 years.

Mr. Arthur Machen in *Dog and Duck* has collected a number of similar instances where investigation has revealed the exactness of ancient tradition. One such folk-story avers that the field where the battle of Naseby

was fought was 'down in oats at the time'—but this there is no checking.



THE COLLECTOR WHO WOULD NOT BE DISCOURAGED

MR. C. REGINALD GRUNDY prints in the *Connoisseur* the following remarkable tale, which no reader need believe unless he wants to:—

I knew a collector, now dead, a great lover of pictures, which he had bought so extensively that they entirely covered the walls of his rooms. Still he went on accumulating, stacking the new additions against his chairs and round his tables. Presently even this resource failed him. He had to desist to escape being buried alive. Not to be beaten, however, he had further paintings that he bought, screwed, in their frames, to his ceilings.

But think of the back of the poor man's neck!



RINGING UP THE AMAZON

RADIO devotees in Great Britain are stirred to the marrow by the achievement of an amateur wireless operator who accidentally got in communication with the American exploring expedition led by Dr. Hamilton Rice, which is now far up the Amazon and seven thousand miles from England. The transmission is said to have been very good, but at times suffered from atmospheric interferences. This is the first radio-contact with the expedition that Europe has had.

The English amateur, when he first established contact with the expedition and was told that he was talking with people two thousand miles up the Amazon, thought the whole thing was a hoax. Finally, however, he consented to take the following message for the Royal Geographical Society:—

The main party arrived at the junction of the Urari and Uritara Rivers on January

19. Progress slow owing to extremely difficult physical conditions of country. Personnel of the expedition numbers over fifty. Good food, and relay transport working efficiently. Unable to use hydroplane at present. Objects of expedition have been obtained. All well.

The Society set at rest whatever doubts he may still have entertained, and sent this cordial message whirling back through the atmosphere from London into the South American jungle: —

To Hamilton Rice. — Delighted to receive to-day, by courtesy of Mr. Marcuse, first message ever transmitted by radio to this Society from expedition in field. Cordial congratulations on great progress recorded since letter November 10, just arrived. We wish your expedition complete success.



A PRANK OF WHISTLER'S

New Whistler stories are hard to come by. The *Manchester Guardian* vouches for this one: —

Whistler experienced some hard times in the Cheyne Walk house on which a memorial tablet is being fixed. Mr. Luke Ionides relates that, calling on him there one day, 'Whistler asked me if I had any money. I told him I had 12s. 6d., and he said: "That's enough for my purpose. Let's go out

and buy two chairs and some bottles of wine. I'm expecting a moneyed guest to-night, and you're going to dine with us." So we went out and bought two chairs at 2s. each, four bottles of claret, and four sticks of sealing wax — one blue, one green, one red, and one yellow. When we had finished our soup he gravely said to the maid, "Go down and bring a bottle with the yellow seal." After the dish he ordered a bottle with the red seal, and the others after the different courses. Whether the fact that the "moneyed guest," Sir Thomas Sutherland, bought a picture for a hundred pounds was the result of the supposed different wines, I do not know.'



A ROYAL WEDDING THAT WON'T OCCUR
SPEAKING of royal weddings, this from the *London Passing Show*: —

The King's youngest son, Prince George, who will be on duty in Far Eastern waters for the next year or so, was being 'drawn' recently on a subject much in people's minds just now — to wit, matrimony. At first the Prince refused to commit himself, but at last, with seeming reluctance, he began to take the company into his confidence. 'I will tell you one thing,' he said, 'if you promise not to pass it on.' Everyone promised and all held their breath. H.R.H. proceeded: 'Nothing will induce me to marry a Chinese princess.'

BOOKS ABROAD

The Tyranny of Time: Einstein or Bergson? by Charles Nordmann. Translated from the French by E. E. Fournier D'Albe. London: Fisher Unwin, 1925. 10s. 6d.

[*Morning Post*]

M. CHARLES NORDMANN is a scientist who is also a man of letters — a *rara avis in gurgite vasto* (to use the delightful amalgamation of two Latin tags accidentally discovered long ago) even in France, where the art of writing with brilliant lucidity is universally cultivated. Indeed, like the late Henri Fabre, he is really a born essayist, well able to turn to account all the characteristic qualities of the French language — 'its hermetic elegance, its concentrated sobriety, its elliptic charm' — in order to capture his reader's attention and persuade him to follow a close and difficult argument.

His book falls into two parts. In the first (Chapters I-V) the familiar divisions of time, the paradoxes of the calendar, and the strange *faux pas* observed in the endless round of stars and hours are discussed in the light of recent discoveries. Here he gives his fancy a free rein as he analyzes the various conceptions of Time consciously or unconsciously held by the average man in something of the spirit that led Charles the Fifth to become a clock-maker. And he sums up all the adages which bid us make a wise use of our time, while at the same moment denying that it is ours, in the sentence: 'Think as if you were to die to-morrow, but act as if you were to live forever.'

Forgotten Lyrics of the Eighteenth Century.

Edited by Oswald Doughty. London: Witherby, 1925. 10s. 6d.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THERE is only one fault to be found with this book, and that is that it is too short. It is an agreeable happening for a reviewer to be thus able to speak of a book. For, in an age so filled, as Tommy Nash had it, 'with the wild fowl of good wits,' the critic is too often likely to be wearied in his labor. We have been in no wise wearied with Mr. Doughty's pleasing anthology (he modestly claims no more than this in his preface) of eighteenth-century lyrics, and his commentary upon them. As we wished that the book, as a whole, had been longer, we also wish that Mr. Doughty's own notes had been fuller. But as this book is in the nature of an appendix to a former one, *Eng-*

lish Lyrics in the Age of Reason, it is perhaps unfair to demand a greater share of the author's comment.

That many of the lyrics quoted by Mr. Doughty should have been forgotten is but proof of how the fog of Romanticism obscured the critical vision. Yet the interest herein taken by an English scholar may be symptomatic of a dispelling of these mists and a renewed delight in the work of the eighteenth century.

The Noblest Frailty, by Michael Sadleir. London: Constable, 1925. 7s. 6d.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

TO *The Noblest Frailty* Mr. Michael Sadleir adds a postscript to assure us that his new novel 'is not a pastiche of a mid-Victorian fiction.' The assurance was unnecessary. Obviously this novel is not the work of one who criticizes that period's social order from the inside, but of one who looks back upon it through many gradual and some violent changes. The war, says the postscript, brought the great trees crashing down, but they were already hollowed by creeping rot.

It is Mr. Sadleir's purpose to show us, by means of an exciting tale, that rot at its deadly work; and it cannot be by accident that his tale includes two emphatic examples of one kind of rot. The heir of wise old Lord Lypiatt and the heir of honest Sir Harry Ormond are both unworthy of their position, and even below the average level of morality. Both are deliberately dishonorable; and while one is a stupid fool, the other is a fool for all his cleverness. Mr. Sadleir has put his finger upon one notorious weak spot in any system of autocracy or of oligarchy. Decay in the ruling stock brings it down more surely than improvement of quality in the ruled. That he bears a little too heavily on this one weakness is not likely to trouble his readers so long as they are excited — as surely they will be — over the fate of Sir Harry's beautiful and willful daughter, who insisted upon marrying the handsome young veterinary surgeon, and had her way. She too was a symptom of the eighteen-sixties, when the parental power, with the feudal power, showed patent signs of the rot at work. Catherine Ormond was a good girl; but she was a girl of wits and of purpose, and some of Meredith's heroines would have called her sister. Mr. Sadleir has made things a little easy for her by making her dishonorable brother so stupid a fool and her dis-

honorable suitor so foolish for all his cleverness. The brother we accept; at the suitor's dishonor we confess to boggling. We need to see the man more distracted by desire before we can believe that he misread the girl so foolishly as Mr. Sadleir declares. But the tale is a good tale and well told — slighter than *Privilege*, closer to common human nature than *Desolate Splendour*, and like both touched with the rich autumn hues which this mind sees where some see the green of spring. The prose is good prose but for one thing — Mr. Sadleir's excessive fondness for iambs. The monotonous beat of them spoils the reader's comfort, and 'blank' verses are frequent.

The Politics of Oil. Labour Research Department Studies in Labour and Capital. No. VII. By R. Page Arnot. London: Labour Publishing Company, 1925. 2s. 6d. cloth; 1s. paper.

[*New Statesman*]

OIL is so definitely a political question, cropping up again and again in international affairs, that it is very necessary to have an up-to-date knowledge of the facts about it. Though there have been several 'oil' books during the past few years, they are all out of date already. Moreover, most of them have been written in order to further some special oil-interest — Standard or Royal Dutch-Shell, or the claims of France to a place in the oilfields. Mr. Arnot is a little too much at pains in this book to rub in his revolutionary Socialist morals; but he has the merit of disliking equally all the rival groups. He has, moreover, selected his facts with skill and judgment, and backed them up with good evidence. An appendix gives a useful account of the Teapot Dome scandal, and the whole treatment, which is fuller for the Royal Dutch-Shell than for the other combines, is thoroughly up to date. Altogether a very useful little book.

The Immortal Salient, by Lieutenant-General Sir William Pulteney and Beatrix Brice, with a preface by Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres. London: John Murray, 1925.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THE time has come when pilgrims to the battlefields and to the cemeteries of the fallen require in handy form a guide which will explain simply and concisely the circumstances in which the flower of the nation sacrificed their lives for their country. Nowhere is such a guide more necessary than in the immortal Ypres Salient.

The Immortal Salient, by Lieutenant-General Sir William Pulteney and Beatrix Brice, with a

preface by Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres (published for the Ypres League by John Murray), provides an historical record and complete guide for pilgrims to Ypres. It opens with a foreword by Sir Philip Gibbs, and contains an admirable summary of the four 'Ypres,' 1914, 1915, 1917, and 1918, and the battle of Messines in 1917 from information supplied by the historical section (Military Branch), C.I.D.

The routes which radiate from Ypres outward through the Salient are minutely described, and, to make this small book absolutely complete, Captain A. F. B. Carpenter, V.C., R.N., has contributed a capital account of the Zeebrugge and Ostend operations. Excellent maps and some striking illustrations add greatly to the value of this perfect guide.

The Fascisti Exposed, by the late Giacomo Matteotti. London: International Labor Party Publications Department, 14 Great George Street, London S. W., 1924. 2s. 6d.

[R. W. P. in the *Daily Herald*]

THERE must be few people in Europe to-day who do not know the name of Matteotti, the Italian Socialist whose murder shook the Fascist Government to its foundations. 'What is there about this particular corpse to cause all this trouble?' exclaimed Mussolini's organ naively. It is for Matteotti's personal sake above all that we open this book.

There is something unfinished about it, as there was about his life. It is the raw material of a book, not the book itself. It is an aggregation of facts (abridged in translation) about the Fascist régime. It is a monotonous and terrible record of murders, burnings, and beatings — invaluable for reference and for the refutation of the propaganda of the Fascisti in England.

The newest material is to be found in the section dealing with finance, and it was for his inquiries here that Matteotti was murdered.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

SCHAUMANN, AUGUST LUDOLF. *On the Road with Wellington*. Translated from the German by Anthony M. Ludovici. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. \$7.50.

UNAMUNO, MIGUEL DE. *Essays and Soliloquies*. Translated from the Spanish with an Introduction by J. E. Crawford Fitch, M. A. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. \$3.00.

UNDSET, SIGRID. *The Mistress of Husaby*. Translated from the Norwegian by Charles Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. \$3.00.

NEW SPRING BOOKS

THE \$2000 HAWES PRIZE STORY

The SCARLET COCKEREL

By CLIFFORD M. SUBLETTE

This book has won the \$2000 prize offered in memory of Charles Boardman Hawes, for an adventure tale of the same general character as the splendid stories of Mr. Hawes, author of *The Mulineers*, *The Great Quest* and *The Dark Frigate*. This sixteenth-century novel of lively adventure in France and the New World is indeed a worthy successor to the work of Mr. Hawes. *Frontispiece. \$2.00*



Among the scores of manuscripts submitted in the Hawes Prize Contest, two were of such outstanding merit that they were retained for publication. These are

OLD BRIG'S CARGO

By Dr. Henry A. Pulsford

A New England lad goes treasure hunting for the old brig's cargo in the brave days of sailing vessels eighty years ago. A real sea thriller. *Illustrated. \$2.00*

THE CLUTCH OF THE CORSICAN

By Alfred H. Bill

A stirring tale of the adventures of a group of Americans caught in France at the time of the Napoleonic wars. *Illustrated. \$2.00*

THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE

By Glenn Clark

When one of the chapters in this book appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* the response was so tremendous that the entire edition of the magazine was sold at once and we received hundreds of requests to reprint it. This remarkable personal record is an important contribution to the religious thought of the day — particularly timely at the Lenten and Easter season. *\$2.00*

KELSEY'S RURAL GUIDE

By David Stone Kelsey

The noted authority on farm problems, in this book, answers the thousand and one questions constantly arising with those who live or hope to live in the country. A book full of glowing enthusiasm, sound knowledge and hard common sense. *\$1.50*

FROM INFANCY TO CHILDHOOD

By Richard M. Smith, M. D.

The author's first book, *The Baby's First Two Years*, is a standard on the subject, and a host of parents will welcome this new book which continues the care of the child from two to six years old. *\$1.25*

BUCOLIC BEATITUDES

By Rusticus

The peace and charm of rural life were never more engagingly described than in this book of whimsical wit and philosophy. Every essay-lover will want to read it aloud. *\$1.50*

THE 8:45

By Robert M. Gay

Every commuter will chuckle in sympathy with the writer of this diary in which are recorded the amusing adventures of a young couple who begin married life in the suburbs. *Illustrated. \$1.25*

THE LITTLE GARDEN FOR LITTLE MONEY

By Kate Brewster

The fifth volume in the popular *Little Garden Series*, edited by Mrs. Francis King.

Illustrated. \$1.75

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK SHOP 8 Arlington St. BOSTON

It's Here

THE April Number of Scribner's Magazine is published.

★ ★ ★

From the appropriate Easter frontispiece — a reproduction of an altar painting by Augustus Vincent Tack for the Church of St. James at South Deerfield, Mass. — to the end of Alexander Dana Noyes's discussion "The Financial Situation," it is full of refreshment, stimulation, entertainment and interest.

★ ★ ★

H. A. L. Fisher, who in English politics corresponds to a Member of Congress from the New England colleges, presents America as he saw it again after an absence of fifteen years.

★ ★ ★

"Telling A Short Story" — the how and why of the short story related in a way to interest anyone who reads — by Edith Wharton is another feature of the April Scribner's Magazine.

★ ★ ★

Have any of you missed seeing at least one performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?

Well, J. Frank Davis's "Tom Shows" will entertain you anyway.

★ ★ ★

What are the chances of having a hand in your own destiny?

Edward G. Spaulding's "The Walls of the Past" gives a thoughtworthy answer to the question.

★ ★ ★

N. P. Babcock tells an interesting story of journalism in

mining Colorado in "From Park Row to Early Colorado."

★ ★ ★

Sir William Osler — an unusual sketch by Caroline Ticknor is a fitting successor in the April Scribner's Magazine to Elizabeth Ward Perkins's portrait of Mrs. Gardner in the March number.

★ ★ ★

Arnold Whitridge presents a charming essay, "Travelling with Creusa."

★ ★ ★

George Ellery Hale, contributes the genealogy of one of his best friends in "The Oriental Ancestry of the Telescope."

★ ★ ★

Stories by Roger Burlingame, Isa Urquhart Glenn, and Edwin C. Dickenson.

★ ★ ★

Poems by John Finley, Helen Choate, Robert Beverly Hale, Grace Noll Crowell, and Edward Steese.

★ ★ ★

A discussion of American landscape and the painting of George Inness by Royal Cortissoz.

★ ★ ★

The indication of a new turn in an unprecedented economic situation by Alexander Dana Noyes.

★ ★ ★

A pot-pourri seasoned by the wit and humor of William Lyon Phelps.

★ ★ ★

This is little more than a list of the features of the April Scribner's Magazine.